Spirit of the Times

FORBES
DEL. ET. SC.

OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1838. VOL. VIII. No. 27

Amusements for the Week.

PARK THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, Aug. 18—For the **BENEFIT OF THE BEDOUIN ARABS**, and their last appearance prior to their departure for Philadelphia. **SHOCKING EVENTS.** After which the Bedouin Arabs will perform one Act. **ABON HASSAN.** Another Act of performance by the Bedouin Arabs. And **THE WATER PARTY.**

MONDAY, Aug. 20—First night of **MISS CLIFTON'S** engagement. **THE LOVE CHASE**—Constance, Miss Clifton. And **QUITE AT HOME.**

TUESDAY, Aug. 21—Second night of Miss Clifton's engagement. **LADY OF LYONS**: Pauline, Miss Clifton—and **DUMB BELLE.**

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 22—Third night of Miss Clifton's engagement. **BIANCA VISCONTI**: Bianca, Miss Clifton—and **ABON HASSAN.**

THURSDAY, Aug. 23—**MISS CLIFTON'S BENEFIT**, and Last Night of the Season. For the first time in this theatre, Sheridan Knowles' new play of **WOMAN'S WIT**: Eustace, Miss Clifton.

Boxes $1, Pit 50 cts., Gallery 25 cts. Doors open at 7—Performances to commence at 7½.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.

THIS EVENING, Aug. 18—Monsieur and Madame **JEROME RAVELS' BENEFIT.** Two new pieces—**JACKO** and **THE THREE CHINESE.**

MONDAY, Aug. 20—**JOHN SEFTON'S BENEFIT.** The last popular Vaudeville of **UNCLE FOOZLE, or MY WIFE'S MOTHER**—in which Mrs. Cramer, Miss A. Fisher, Mrs. Stickney, Mr. T. Bishop, Mr. Thayer, Mr. Horncastle, and John Sefton will appear. **FIREWORKS—SINGING—DANCING, &c &c.** To conclude with a highly popular entertainment, which will embrace the talents of the most celebrated performers in America, the whole forming a Bill of unusual attraction, and only to be expected on this one occasion.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. R. P. S. Esq., is informed that the Major's papers have been mailed regularly to his address since 2d June. They must be lying for him at the Post office. The odd Nos. requested by L. R. P. S. were sent the instant we were informed of his wishes. His offer with respect to certain "business transactions" we cheerfully accept.

We have to acknowledge a handsome batch of New Subscribers to our Journal, received from the following Gentlemen—L. R. P. S. Esq., Ky.—W. G. F. Esq. U. S. A., Ark.—H. A. T. Esq., Ala.—B. H. B. Esq., La.—W. F. Esq. Ky.—Col. I. R. D., Ga.—Capt. G. A. W. N., Va.—E. L. C. Esq. Pa.—R. A. Esq., Tenn.—J. L. Esq., Tenn.—J. B. Esq., Ga.—R. A. Jun., L. C.—J. O. Esq. Mass.

I. I. G. of Va., with the enclosure, is received.

Pete Whetstone's letter to "the Kurnel" is forwarded to the address desired.

Letters sent to our care for England, were forwarded per the Great Western steam ship which sailed on Thursday. The postage on single letters sent by her is 25 cents.

G. B. S. Esq., of B., shall hear from us immediately, through the mail.

"M. of Florida," and a letter from Pete Whetstone will find a place in our next.

J. T. L. of Ga., is informed that we are on the look-out for him, and it is not unlikely we can supply him. If he would make up his mind to give the half of $7000, we could recommend him a first rate; he shall hear from us directly.

L. R. P. S. is advised that owing to the temporary absence from town of two or three gentlemen, we have not been able to answer his queries satisfactorily as yet.

Several *New Books* will be noticed in our next. In the meantime, let us advise our friends to read Cooper's "Homeward Bound" as *the* book of the season.

Things Theatrical.

Nothing of sufficient interest to merit notice has occurred at either of our theatres during the week. The Vaudeville companies at Niblo's and Vauxhall, have received important accessions; the first in the person of Miss **Jane Clarence Wells**, a sister of the present Mrs. **Watson**, who made a successful debut in English Opera on Wednesday evening, and the latter in Mrs. (Clara Fisher) **Maeder**, **Flynn** and others, from the Olympic. The **Bedouins** have drawn good houses at the *Park*, and Jim Crow **Rice** has done the same at the *Franklin*. At the *Olympic*, **Hield** is playing heavy tragedy, which must be delightful this warm weather. The "strongest company" in town, without a doubt, is that "performing" at the *National*, consisting of about fifty carpenters and painters, together with such an array of masons as must be truly *mortar*fying to the "unattached" legitimate and illigitimate Shakspearians who haunt the establishment.

Miss **Clifton** commences a limited engagement at the Park on Monday evening, during which she will appear in the Love Chase, the Lady of Lyons, Bianca Visconti, and the new play of Woman's Wit. With the exception of **Willis's** tragedy, this lady has never appeared here in either of the pieces designated, and **Sheridan Knowles'** play of *Woman's Wit* is now brought forward for the first time. The peculiar claims of this sterling actress upon the liberal support of our citizens are so well known and so generally acknowledged, that we feel confident the simple announcement of her engagement will ensure her full houses.

John Sefton, the director of the Vaudevilles at Niblo's, has put his name up for a benefit on next Monday evening, when he will have not only the assistance of all the clever people connected with the establishment, but also of several brilliant stars who have volunteered. Sefton is the life and soul of the company, and so general a favorite, that we are sure a bumper awaits him, and we accordingly advise those who purpose attending to go early.

Mrs. **Gibbs**, so well known to the Park audience, and the votaries of music throughout the country as a distinguished vocalist, gives a *Soiree musicale* this evening, with **Norton**, the celebrated trumpeter, at the Pavillion, Rockaway. They are to have the assistance of several eminent musical professors now in town.

The St. Louis theatre re-opened on the 9th inst., with Mazeppa, in which **Lewellen** and his famous horse *Timour* appeared.

Parsons and **Thorne** are to have the new theatre at Louisville, for the erection of which arrangements are now making.

Latham, Miss **Melton**, and **Edwin** are playing to full houses at Montreal.

Mrs. **Hamblin**, No. 1, has been giving Recitations at Providence. The Boston Post asks, "Where's Mr. Charles?" Why, do you "see any thing *Greene* about it," Mr. Post?

A Mr. **Proctor** has been playing Othello at Cleveland, supported by **Eaton** and Mrs. **McClure**. The Philadelphia Saturday Courier, from which we derive the fact above, states that the Detroit theatre opened on the 4th inst. with Eaton. Mr. and Mrs. Proctor were to succeed him.

We are reminded by a correspondent that among other clever people at Niblo's, we have never alluded "in good set terms" to either Mrs. **Williams** or Mrs. **Cramer**, and it seems, too, our gallantry has been called in question in the premises Please consider us on our knees to both; we plead guilty of neglect, but to the other clause of the indictment we put in an indignant plea of *Not* guilty; so help us—Moses. Mrs. **Williams** (late Miss **Verity**), when playing at the Park, was frequently spoken of in this paper as an exceedingly promising vocalist, as she is, and we are glad to see her talents so well appreciated; as to Mrs. **Cramer**, if our admiration of her was *inexpressible*, we can safely quote Richard, and assure her "it was your beauty led me on."

A correspondent states that **Ali**, one of the *Bedouins*, has offered a bet of **$1000** that he will vault from a spring-board, placed in Water-street, into the 3d story of Holt's Hotel. We should like to know if this offer has been made, and if so, how high the spring-board shall be placed from the ground.

Grand Action Piano Fortes.—**Endicott**, at 359 Broadway, has become the sale agent for the "N. Y. Piano Forte Manufacturing Company." A great variety may be seen at his music store, of the most exquisite tone and finish. We had the pleasure of listening, a few evenings since, to the performance of Mr. **Davis**, a distinguished amateur from Boston, whose taste and skill for a gentleman of his age, were quite remarkable. Several pianos were tried in the course of the evening, and uniformly gave great satisfaction to the ladies and gentlemen present.

BOSTON THEATRICALS.

Boston, Aug. 15, 1838.

Commencement of our Theatrical Season.—We shall have glorious dramatic feasts this season in Boston; more ample and choice than we have enjoyed for a long while. All that you in the *village* have, we shall have, and *more* too. **Vestris**, **Mathews**, **Arabs**, **Forrest**, **Clifton**, **Tree**, and everything. **Barry** is determined to not to be beat by anything; no, not even by you of New York; and **Pelby**, with his usual spirit will endeavor to outdo Barry.

Re-opening of the National.—Pelby re-opened this establishment on Monday the 13th inst. playing the old sterling comedy "The Poor Gentleman," with a strong cast. This theatre is fitted up in a style of elegance and beauty unsurpassed by any in the United States, and is the theme of general and enthusiastic admiration with visitors. Its lobbies are in the style of **Wallack's** National in your city, and are spacious, airy, and convenient. Pelby has added to his company Mr. **Hamilton**, a tragedian of merit, Mr. **McCutcheon**, the comedian, (and the best "Ollapod" and "Skirts" that we have in the country), Mr. **Kirby**,—who must be the twin-brother of **Conner**, they are so alike—Doctor **Valentine**, the the eccentric delineator of eccentric authors of eccentricities; Mrs. **Herring**, recently of New York, and several others. Besides, he has a host in his wife and daughter. He has promised to cater liberally for the public appetite, and produce in the course of the season a great variety of the rarest concoctions. We shall see what we shall see, as Hans said to his blind spouse. I think that Pelby will be as good as his word, and make the National this season a crowded place of resort; if he does not, I will advise you of it.

City News.—News with us is as scarce as honesty in Gotham. Fifteen-Gallon-ites and Anti-Fifteen-Gallon-ites are *papering* each other with wordy bullets most unmercifully. The first will be routed, "horse, foot and dragoons." Our Banks resumed specie payments on Monday last, but were little called upon.

Yours, &c. S.

The Yellowplush Correspondence.—We conclude in to-day's paper the eventful history of the Hon. Mr. **Deuceace**, in which it will be found that though a pretty "fast crab" himself, he was no match for **Earl Crabs**, his father. This last chapter is the best that has appeared, and is quite equal to anything in the famous Pickwick Papers. Let no one deterred from reading it on account of its length.

Marriage of Madame Vestris and Mr. Charles Mathews.—The sterner morals of brother Jonathan have, it appears, occasioned Madame Vestris and Mr. Charles Mathews to throw around them the shield of matrimony previously to their departure for the United States, the happy ceremony having been solemnized yesterday morning at the parish church of St. Mary, Abbotts, Kensington, by the Rev. Francis White, one of the curates. The affair was kept a profound secret, not being known, we believe, even to the domestics of their establishment. Madame Vestris and Mr. Mathews left their residence, Elm Cottage, Notting Hill, a few minutes before nine o'clock, and walking to the church, entered by different doors, both of which were immediately closed, the only persons within the sacred edifice, besides the principals, being the officiating minister, Mr. Brothers, the clerk, who was also "papa," and his sisters, the two Misses Brothers, who officiated as bride's-maids. The secret, however, by some means soon became known, and numbers of persons hastened to the church to obtain a sight of the celebrated comedians; but ere they reached it, the nuptial knot was tied, and the happy pair had taken their departure in the same secret manner in which they had come, without even the ringers announcing that a wedding had taken place.

London Times.

Covent Garden theatre closed on Friday night, July 6, after the performance of Sheridan Knowles's play of "Woman's Wit." Mr. Bartley, the stage-manager, delivered the customary address, in which he stated that Mr. Macready would again open the theatre in September.

ANECDOTES OF GRIMALDI.

FROM HIS MEMOIRS BY "BOZ"

During the month of May, 1811, he had to play Clown at both theatres, the pantomime being acted as the first piece at Sadlers Wells, and as the last piece at Covent Garden. Not having time to change his dress, and, indeed, having no reason for doing so, if he had, in consequence of his playing the same character at both houses, he was accustomed to have a coach in waiting, into which he threw himself the moment he had finished at Sadlers Wells, and was straightway carried to Covent Garden to begin again.

One night it so happened that, by some forgetfulness or mistake on the part of the driver, the coach which usually came for him failed to make its appearance. It was a very wet night, and not having a moment to lose, he sent for another. After a considerable interval, during which he was in an agony of fear lest the Covent Garden stage should be kept waiting, the messenger returned in a breathless state with the information that there was not a coach to be got. There was only one desperate alternative, and that was to run through the streets. Knowing that his appearance at Covent Garden must by this time be necessary, he made up his mind to do it, and started off at once

The night being very dark, he got on pretty well at first; but when he came into the streets of Clerkenwell, where the lights in the shops showed him in his Clown's dress running along at full speed, people began to grow rather astonished. First, a few people turned round to look after him, and then a few more, and so on, until there were a great many, and at last, one man who met him at a street corner, recognizing the favorite, gave a loud shout of "*Here's Joe Grimaldi!*"

This was enough. Off set Grimaldi faster than ever, and on came the mob, shouting, huzzaing, screaming out his name, throwing up their caps and hats, and exhibiting every manifestation of delight. He ran into Holborn with several hundred people at his heels, and being lucky enough to find a coach there, jumped in. But this only increased the pressure of the crowd, who followed the vehicle with great speed and perseverance; when, suddenly poking his head out of the window, he gave one of his famous and well-known laughs. Upon this the crowd raised many roars of laughter and applause, and hastily agreed, as with one accord, that they should see him safe and sound to Covent Garden. So the coach went on, surrounded by the dirtiest body-guard that was ever beheld, not one of whom deserted his post, until Grimaldi had been safely deposited at the stage-door; when, after raising a vociferous cheer, such of them as had money rushed round to the gallery-doors, and making their appearance in the front just as he came on the stage, set up a boisterous shout of "*Here he is again!*" and cheered him enthusiastically, to the infinite amusement of every person in the theatre who had got wind of the story.

The harlequinade of "The Talking Bird" was produced at Sadlers Wells this season (1814), in which he first enacted the Bird, and afterwards the Clown. During the run of this pantomime he performed the remarkable feat of playing *three* very heavy parts (two of them Clowns), at *three different theatres on the same night*. He was intimately acquainted with a Mr. Hayward, who, being married to a clever actress at the Surrey, one Miss Dely, begged him, as a great favor, to act for her at that theatre on her benefit night. He asked and obtained permission from the proprietor of Sadlers Wells, but could not do the same at Covent Garden, as Mr. Harris was absent from town. He did not think it a point of any great importance, however, inasmuch as he had not been called upon to act for some time, and nothing was then announced in which it was at all likely he would be wanted. Unfortunately, on the very night of the benefit, "La Perouse," in which he acted, was advertised at Covent Garden. In this dilemma he hurried over the water, explained the circumstance, and pointed out the impossibility of his performing at the Surrey.

But the Surrey people, who had advertised him, stoutly contending that there was no impossibility in the case, assured him that all would be right; that he should play there first, then go to Sadlers Wells, and then to Covent Garden to finish the evening. To the end that he should be in good time at each house, it was proposed that a chaise, with the best horses that could be procured, should be provided, and held in readiness to carry him, at the greatest possible speed, from place to place.

Not having the heart to disappoint the parties interested, he consented to this arrangement. At the Surrey, he played with Bologna in the pantomime; the moment it was over, he jumped into a chaise and four that was waiting at the door, and started for Sadlers Wells. Bologna accompanied him to see the issue of the proceeding, and, by dashing through the streets at a most extraordinary pace, they reached Sadlers Wells just at the commencement of the overture for the pantomime. Hurrying to repaint his face, (which had been very much bedaubed by the rain, which poured upon it as he looked out of the chaise-window entreating the post-boys to drive a little slower,) and thrusting himself into the dress of "The Talking Bird," he was ready at the instant when the call-boy told him he was wanted. There still remained Covent Garden, and towards the close of the pantomime he grew very anxious, looking constantly towards the sides of the stage to see if Bologna was still there; for, as he was the Perouse of the night, and was wanted a full hour before him, he felt something like security as long as he remained. At length the pantomime was over, and once more taking their seats in the same chaise, they drove at the same furious pace to Covent Garden, and were ready dressed, and in the green-room before the first bars of the overture had been played. This change of dress assisted greatly in recovering him from his fatigue, and he went through the third part as well as the first, feeling no greater exhaustion at the close of the performances, than was usual with him on an ordinary night. The only refreshment which he took during the whole evening was one glass of warm ale and a biscuit. He plumed himself very much on this feat; for although he had played Clown at two theatres for twenty-eight nights successively, he considered it something out of the common way, and triumphed in it greatly.

About this time he first became acquainted with Mr. Davidge, the lessee of the Surrey Theatre. He was then the Harlequin at Bath and Bristol, and although he has since become a round and magisterial figure, was then a very light and active pantomimist.

In the pantomimes Davidge was the Harlequin, and Grimaldi of course the Clown. They were accustomed to call the Pantaloon, who was a very indifferent actor, by the name of "Billy Coombes,"—why, they best knew, but it seems not to have been his real name. This worthy had given both Davidge and Grimaldi mighty offence upon several occasions, possibly by making his appearance on the stage in a state of intoxication. Grimaldi forgot the precise cause of affront, but whatever it was, they deemed it a very great one, and Davidge upon several occasions took opportunities of hinting, in speeches fraught with determination, and replete with a peculiar variety of expletives, "that he was resolved some time or other to be revenged upon that Billy Coombes."

One evening, while the pantomime was in progress, and the two friends were exciting much mirth and applause, Davidge pointed to a chest which was used in the piece, and, whispering that there was a lock upon it with a key, remarked that Billy had to get into it directly, and asked whether it would not be a good joke to turn the key upon him. Grimaldi readily concurred, and no sooner was the unconscious Mr. Coombes beneath the lid of the chest, than he was locked in, amidst the plaudits of the audience, who thought it a capital trick. There were but two more scenes in the pantomime, which Davidge had to commence. Just as he was going on the stage, Grimaldi inquired whether he had let out the Pantaloon.

"No," he replied hastily, "I have not, but I will, directly I come off." So saying, he danced upon the stage, followed by Grimaldi, and the usual buffeting ensued with the accustomed effect. The pantomime was over a few minutes afterwards, and Grimaldi who felt very tired when he had gone through his part, in consequence of his recent illness, went straight home, and was in bed a very short time after the curtain fell.

There was a call the next morning for the rehearsal of a few new pantomime scenes which Grimaldi had prepared to vary the entertainments. As the Pantaloon was not forthcoming, however, they could not be gone through, with any useful effect. When Davildge arrived, Grimaldi mentioned the circumstance.

"I suppose," he said, "our victim has taken our conduct in high dudgeon, and doesn't mean to come this morning. We shall be in a pretty mess at night if he does not!"

"What do you mean?" said Davidge with a look of surprise.

"This Billy Coombes, he is not come to the theatre to-day, and is not to be found at his lodgings, for we have sent a man there."

"By ——," said Davidge, "I never let him out of the box!"

On reflection, they had certainly finished the pantomime without him, although it did not strike them at the time, because, as he was no great actor, the business of the last two scenes had been arranged entirely between Davidge and Grimaldi. They lost no time in inquiring after the chest, and it was at length discovered in a cellar below the stage. On raising the lid, the Pantaloon was discovered, and a truly pitiable object he looked, although they were both not a little relieved to find he was alive, for, not knowing that the chest was perforated in various places, they had entertained some serious fears that when he did turn up, he might be found suffocated. Every necessary assistance was afforded him, and he never suffered in the slightest degree from his temporary confinement. He said that he had shouted as loud as he could, and had knocked and kicked against the sides of his prison, but that nobody had taken the least notice of him, which he attributed to the incessant noise and bustle behind the scenes. With the view of keeping the stage as clear as possible, every thing used in a pantomime is put away at once; the chest was lowered by a trap into the cellar, notwithstanding the shouts of the Pantaloon, who, knowing that he would be released next day, went to sleep very quietly.

This was the version of the story given by the ingenious Mr. Coombes, and in this version Grimaldi was an implicit believer. We are rather disposed to think that Mr Coombes might have thrown additional light upon the matter by explaining that he had got into the chest that morning to turn the tables upon his assailants, the more so, as he received various little presents in the way of compensation for his imprisonment, with which he expressed himself perfectly satisfied.

This "Billy Coombes," or whatever the man's name may have been, once said a very ludicrous thing upon the stage, which convulsed the audience with laughter. The play was Romeo and Juliet, and he was cast to perform Sampson. The wardrobe of the theatre being very scanty, he was habited in a most absurd and ridiculous dress, every article of which had evidently formed a portion of a different suit, and which was moreover full three sizes too large for him, especially the coat, the cuffs of which, instead of ornamenting his wrists, dangled over his fingers' ends. In this disguise, Billy, who waxed extremely wroth at the figure he cut, presented himself to the audience, and was, of course, received with a loud laugh.

Now, in the first scene of the play, Sampson, according to the stage-direction, has to bite his thumb at Abram, a servitor of the rival house, upon which the following dialogue ensues:—

"*Abram.*—Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

"*Samp.*—[aside].—Is the law on our side if I say ay?

"*Gregory.*—No.

"*Samp.*—No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir."

Billy Coombes very coolly omitted biting his thumb at all; but the actor who played Abram, desirous to carry on the business of the scene, thought it best to take it for granted that the stage direction had been complied with, and turning indignantly round, said,

"Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?"

"No, sir," replied Billy Coombes in a clear and loud voice, "I would sir, with pleasure, only my master puts me into such a queer coat, sir," holding up one of the long sleeves, "that I can't get at my fist for the life of me."

The audience roared, the actors laughed, and for some minutes the stage business was at a complete stand-still; Billy meanwhile making many apparently sincere and labored attempts to uncover his hand, in which, at last, he thought proper to succeed, and giving the right cue, the play went on.

On the second day after Grimaldi arrived in Preston, a little circumstance occurred which amused him so much, that he intended to have introduced it in one of his pantomime scenes, although he never did so. He was walking along the street by the market-place, when, observing a barber's pole projecting over the pavement, and recollecting that he wanted shaving, he opened the shop-door from above which hung the pole, and looking into the shop, saw a pretty little girl, about sixteen years of age, who was sitting at needlework. She rose to receive him, and he inquired if the master was within.

"No, sir," said the girl; "but I expect him directly."

"Very good," replied Grimaldi: "I want to look about me a little; I'll call in again."

After strolling through the market-place a little while, he called again, but the barber had not come home.

Grimaldi was walking down the street after this second unsuccessful call, when he encountered Mr. Howard the manager, with whom he fell into conversation, and they walked up and down the street talking together. As he was going to the theatre and wished Grimaldi to accompany him, they turned in that direction, and passing the Barber's shop, again looked in. The girl was still sitting at work; but she laid it a-side when the visitors entered, and said she really was very sorry, but her father had not come in yet.

"That's very provoking," said Grimaldi, "considering that I have called here three times already."

The girl agreed that it was, and stepping to the door, looked anxiously up the street and down the street, but there was no barber in sight.

"Do you want to see him on any particular business?" inquired Howard.

"Bless my heart! no, not I," said Grimaldi; "I only want to be shaved."

"Shaved, sir!" cried the girl. "Oh, dear me! what a pity it is you did not say so before! for I do most of the shaving for father when he's at home, and all when he's out."

"To be sure she does," said Howard: "I have been shaved by her fifty times."

"You have!" said Grimaldi. "Oh, I'm sure I have no objection. I am quite ready, my dear."

Grimaldi sat himself down in a chair, and the girl commenced the task in a very business-like manner, Grimaldi feeling an irresistible tendency to laugh at the oddity of the operation, but smothering it by dint of great efforts while the girl was shaving his chin. At length, when she got to his upper lip, and took his nose between her fingers with a piece of brown paper, he could stand it no longer, but burst into a tremendous roar of laughter, and made a face at Howard which the girl no sooner saw than she dropped the razor and laughed immoderately also; whereat Howard began to laugh too, which only set Grimaldi laughing more; when just at this moment in came the barber, who seeing three people in convulsions of mirth, one of them with a soapy face and a gigantic mouth making the most extravagant faces over a white towel, threw himself into a chair without ceremony, and dashing his hat on the ground, laughed louder than any of them, declaring in broken words as he could find breath to utter them, that "that gentleman as was being shaved was out of sight the funniest gentleman he had ever seen," and entreating him "to stop them faces, or he knew he should die." When they were all perfectly exhausted, the barber finished what his daughter had begun; and rewarding the girl with a shilling, Grimaldi and the manager took their leaves.

The following account of Grimaldi's gains during this short excursion (in 1817) will afford some idea of the immense sums he was in the habit of receiving about this time. The amount was so much more than he had supposed, that on going over the calculation he could scarcely believe he was correct. It was as follows:—

Brighton, four nights	£100	0	0
Birmingham, six	210	0	0
Worcester, one	50	0	0
Glasgow and Edinburgh, nine	417	0	0
Berwick, two	102	7	0
Liverpool, sixteen	324	14	0
Preston, two	86	0	0
Hereford, two	43	10	0
Worcester (2d visit), two	90	8	0
Total	£1423	19	0

The Yellowplush Correspondence.

THE END OF MR. DEUCEACE'S HISTORY.

Chap. VII.—Limbo.

My tail is droring rabidly to a close: my suvvice with Mr. Deuceace didn't continyou very long after the last chapter, in which I discribed my admiral strattyjam, and my singlar self-devocean. There's a very few servnts, I can tell you, who'd have thought of such a contrivnce, and very few moar would have eggsyeuted it when thought of.

But, after all, beyond the trifling advantich to myself in selling master's roab de sham, which you, gentle reader, may remember I woar, and in dixcovering a fipun note in one of the pockits,—beyond this, I say, there was to poar master very little advantitch in what had been done. It's true he had escaped. Very good. But Frans is not like Great Brittn; a man in a livry coat, with 1 arm, is pretty easly known, and caught, to, as I can tell you.

Such was the case with master. He coodn leave Paris, moarover, if he would. What was to become, in that case, of his bride—his unchbacked hairis? He knew that young lady's *temprimong* (as the Parishers say) too well to let her long out of his site. She had nine thousnd a-yer. She'd been in love a duzn times befor, and mite be agin. The Honrabble Algernon Deuceace was a little too wide awake to trust much to the constansy of so very inflammable a young creacher. Heavn bless us, it was a marrycle she wasn't earlier married! I do bleave (from suttn seans that past betwigst us) that she'd have married me, if she hadn't been sejuiced by the supearor rank and indianuity of the genlmn in whose survace I was.

Well, to use a commin igspreshn, the beaks were after him. How was he to manitch? He coodn get away from his debts, and he wooden quit the fare objict of his affeckshns. He was ablecjd, then, as the French say, to lie perdew,—going out at night, like a howl out of a hivy-bush, and returning in the daytime to his roast. For its a maxum in France (and I wood it were followed in Ingland), that after dark no man is lible for his detts; and in any of the royal gardens—the Twillaries, the Pally Roil, or the Lucksimbug, for example—a man may wander from sunrise to evening, and hear nothing of the ojus duns—they an't admit ed into these places of public enjyment and rondyvoo any more than dogs; the centuries at the garden gate having orders to shuit all such.

Master, then, was in this uncomfrable situation—neither liking to go nor to stay; peeping out at nights to have an intervew with his miss; ableaged to shuffle off her repeated questions as to the reason of all this disguise, and to talk of his two thowsnd a-year, just as if he had it, and didn't owe a shilling in the world.

Of course, now, he began to grow mighty eager for the marritch.

He roat as many noats as she had done befor; swoar aginst delay and cerymony; talked of the pleasures of Hyming, the ardship that the ardor of two arts should be allowed to igspire, the folly of waiting for the consent of Lady Griffin. She was but a step-mother, and an unkind one. Miss was (he said) a major, might marry whom she liked; and suttnly had paid Lady G. quite as much attention as she ought, by paying her the compliment to ask her at all.

And so they went on. The curious thing was, that when master was pressed about his cause for not coming out till nighttime, he was misterus; and Miss Griffin, when asked why she wooden marry, igsprest, or rather *didn't* igspress, a simlar secrasy. Wasn't it hard? the cup seemed to be at the lip of both of 'em, and yet, somehow, they could not manitch to take a drink.

But one morning in reply to a most desprat epistol wrote by my master over night, Deuceace, delighted, gits an answer from his soal's beluffd, which ran thus:—

"Miss Griffin *to the Hon.* A. P. Deuceace.

"Dearest,—You say you would share a cottage with me; there is no need, luckily, for that! You plead the sad sinking of your spirits at our delayed union. Beloved, do you think *my* heart rejoices at our separation? You bid me disregard the refusal of Lady Griffin, and tell me that I owe her no further duty.

"Adored Algernon! I can refuse you no more. I was willing not to lose a single chance of reconciliation with this unnatural stepmother. Respect for the memory of my sainted father bid me do all in my power to gain her consent to my union with you; nay, shall I own it, prudence dictated the measure; for to whom should she leave the share of money accorded to her by my father's will but to my father's child?

"But there are bounds beyond which no forbearance can go; and, thank Heaven, we have no need of looking to Lady Griffin for sordid wealth: we have a competency without her. Is it not so, dearest Algernon?

"Be it as you wish, then, dearest, bravest, and best. Your poor Matilda has yielded to you her heart long ago; she has no longer need to keep back her name. Name the hour, and I will delay no more; but seek for refuge in your arms from the contumely and insult which meet me ever here.

"Matilda.

"P.S. O, Algernon! if you did but know what a noble part your dear father has acted throughout, in doing his best endeavors to further our plans, and to soften Lady Griffin! It is not *his* fault that she is inexorable as she is. I send you a note sent by her to Lord Crabs; we will laugh at it soon, *n'est ce pas?*"

II.

"My lord,—In reply to your demand for Miss Griffin's hand, in favour of your son, Mr. Algernon Deuceace, I can only repeat what I before have been under the necessity of stating to you,—that I do not believe a union with a person of Mr. Deuceace's character would conduce to my stepdaughter's happiness, and therefore *refuse my consent.* I will beg you to communicate the contents of this note to Mr. Deuceace; and implore you no more to touch upon a subject which you must be aware is deeply painful to me.

"I remain your lordship's most humble servant, L. E. Griffin.

"*The Right Hon. the Earl of Crabs.*"

"Hang her ladyship!" says my master, "what care I for it?" As for the old lord who'd bean so afishous in his kindniss and advice, master recknsiled that pretty well, with thinking that his lordship knew he was going to marry ten thousnd a-year, and igspected to get some share of it; for he roat back the following letter to his father, as well as a flaming one to miss:

"Thank you, my dear father, for your kindness in that awkward business. You know how painfully I am situated just now, and can pretty well guess *both the causes* of my disquiet. A marriage with my beloved Matilda will make me the happiest of men. The dear girl consents, and laughs at the foolish pretensions of her mother-in-law. To tell you the truth, I wonder she yielded to them so long. Carry your kindness a step further, and find for us a parson, a license, and make us two into one. We are both major, you know; so that the ceremony of a guardian's consent is unnecessary. Your affectionate

"Algernon Deuceace.

"How I regret that difference between us some time back! Matters are changed now, and shall be more still *after the marriage.*"

I knew what my master meant,—that he would give the old lord the money after he was married; and as it was probble that Miss would see the letter he roat, he made it such as not to let her see two clearly in to his present uncomfrable situation.

I took this letter along with the tender one for Miss, reading both of 'em, in course, by the way. Miss, on getting hers, gave an inegspressable look with the white of her is, kist the letter, and prest it to her busm. Lord Crabs read his quite calm, and then they fell a talking together; and told me to wait awhile, and I should git an anser.

After a deal of counseltation, my lord brought out a card, and there was simply written on it,

To-morrow at the Ambassador's,
at Twelve.

"Carry that back to your master, Chawls," says he, "and bid him not to fail."

You may be sure I stept back to him pretty quick, and gave him the card and the messinge. Master looked sattasfied with both; but suttnly not over happy: no man is the day before his marridge: much more his marridge with a humpback, Harriss though she be.

Well, as he was a going to depart this bachelor life he did what every man in such suckmstansies ought to do; he made his will,—that is, he made a dispasition of his property, and wrote letters to his creditors, telling them of his lucky chance; and that after his marriage he would sutnly pay them every stiver. *Before*, they must know his povvaty well enough to be sure that payment was out of the question.

To do him justas, he seam'd to be inclined to do the thing that was right, now that it didn't put him to any inkinveniants to do so.

"Chawls," says he, handing me over a tenpun note, "Here's your wagis, and thank you for getting me out of the scrape with the bailiffs: when you are married, you shall be my valet out of liv'ry, and I'll treble your salary."

His vallit! praps his butler! Yes, thought I, here's a chance—a vallit to ten thousand a-year. Nothing to do but to shave him, and read his notes, and let my wiskers grow; to dress in spick and span black, and a clean shut per day; muffings every night in the housekeeper's room; the pick of the gals in the servnts' hall; a chap to clean my boots for me, and my master's oppera bone reglar once a-week. *I* knew what a vallit was as well as any genlmn in service; and this I can tell you, he's generally a happier, idler, handsomer, more genlmnly man than his master. He has more money to spend, for genlm *will* leave their silver in their weskit pockets; more suxess among the gals; as good dinners, and as good wind—that is, if he's friends with the butler, and friends in cors they will be if they know which way their interest lies.

But these are only cassels in the air, what the French call *shutter d'Espang.* It wasn't roat in the book of fate that I was to be Mr. Deuceace's vallit.

Days will pass at last—even days before a wedding, (the longest and unplesntist day in the whole of a man's life, I can tell you, excep, may be, the day before his hanging); and at length Aroarer dawned on the suspicious morning which was to unite in the bonds of Hyming the Honrabble Algernon Percy Deuceace, Exquire, and Miss Matilda Griffin. My master's wardrobe wasn't so rich as it had been; for he'd left the whole of his nicknax and trumpry of dressing-cases, and rob dy shams, his bewtifle museum of varnished boots, his curous colleckshn of Stulz and Staub coats, when he had been obleaged to quit so sudnly our pore, dear lodginx at the Hotel Mirabew; and, being incog at a friend's house, had contentid himself with ordering a couple of shoots of cloves from a common tailor, with a suffishnt quantity of linning.

Well, he put on the best of his coats—a blue; and I thought it my duty to ask him whether he'd want his frock again; and he was good-natured, and said, "Take it, and be hanged to you." And half-past eleven o'clock came, and I was sent to look out at the door, if there were any suspicious characters (a precious good nose I have to find a bailiff out, I can tell you, and an i which will almost see one round a corner); and presnly a very modist green glass-coach droav up, and in master stept. I didn't, in cors, appear on the box; because, being known, my appearints might have compromised masthr. But I took a short cut, and walked as quick as possbill down to the Rue de Fobug St. Honoré, where his exlnsy the English ambassador lives, and where marridges are always performed betwigst English folk at Paris.

* * * * * *

There is, almost nex door to the ambasdor's hotel, another hotel, of that lo kind which the French call cabbyrays, or wine-houses; and jest as master's green glass-coach pulled up, another coach drove off, out of which came two ladies, whom I knew pretty well,—suffiz, that one had a humpback, and the ingenious reader will know why *she* came there; the other was poor Miss Kicksey, who came too see her turned off.

Well, master's glass-coach droav up jest as I got within a few yards of the door; our carridge, I say, drove up, and stopt. Down gits coachmin to open the door, and up comes I to give Mr. Deuceace an arm, when—out of the cabaray shoot four fellows, and draw up betwigst the coach and the embassy-doar; two other chaps go to the other doar of the carridge, and, opening it, one says—"*Rendez vous, M. Deuceace! Je vous arrete au nom de la Loi*" (which means, "Get out of that, Mr. D.; you are nabbed, and no mistake)." Master turned gashly pail, and sprung to the other side of the coach, as if a serpint had stung him. He flung open the door, and was for making off that way; but he saw the four chaps standing betwigst libbaty and him. He slams down the front window, and screams out, "*Fouettez, cocher!*" (which means, "Go it, coachmin!") in a despert loud voice; but coachmin wooden go it, and, besides, was off his box.

The long and short of the matter was, that jest as I came up to the door two of the bums jumped into the carridge. I saw all; I knew my duty, and so very mornfly I got up behind.

"*Tiens,*" says one of the chaps in the street; "*c'est ce drole qui nous a joue l'autre jour.*" I knew 'em, but was too melumcolly to smile.

"*Ou irons-nous donc?*" says coachmin to the genlmn who had got inside.

A deep woice from the intearor shouted out, in reply to the coachmin, "A SAINTE PELAGIE!"

* * * * * *

And now, praps, I ot to dixcribe to you the humors of the prizn of Sainte Pelagie, which is the French for Fleat, or Queen's Bentch; but on this subject I'm rather shy of writing, partly because the admiral Boz has, in the history of Mr. Pickwick, made such a dixcripshn of a prizn, that mine wooden read amyousingly afterwids; and, also, because, to tell you the truth, I didn't stay long in it, being not in a humer to waist my igsistance by passing away the years of my youth in such a dull place.

My fust errint now was, as you may phansy, to carry a noat from Master to his destined bride. The poar thing was sadly taken aback, as I can tell you, when she found, after remaining two hours at the Embassy, that her husband didn't make his appearance. And so, after staying on and on, and yet seeing no husband, she was forsed at last to trudge dishconslit home, where I was already waiting for her with a letter from my master.

There was no use now denying the fact of his arrest, and so he confest it at onst; but he made a cock-and-bull story of treachery of a friend, infimous fodgery, and Heaven knows what. However, it didn't matter much; if he had told her that he had been betrayed by the man in the moon, she would have bleavd him.

Lady Griffin never used to appear now at any of my visits. She kep one drawing-room, and Miss dined and lived alone in another; they quarld so much that praps it was best they should live apart: only my Lord Crabs used to see both, comforting each with that winning and innsnt way he had. He came in as Miss, in tears, was lisning to my account of master's seazure, and hopin that the prisn wasn't a horrid place, with a nasty horrid dunjeon, and a dreadfle jailer, and nasty horrid bread and water. Law bless us! she had borrod her ideers from the novvles she had been reading!

"O my lord, my lord," says she, "have you heard this fatal story?"

"Dearest Matilda, what? For Heaven's sake, you alarm me! What—yes—no it—no, it can't be! Speak!" says my lord, seizing me by the choler of my coat, what has happened to my boy?"

"Please you, my lord," says I, "he's at this moment in prisn, no wuss—having been incarserated about two hours ago."

"In prison! Algernon in prison! 'tis impossible! Imprisoned, for what sum? Mention it, and I will pay to the utmost farthing in my power."

"I'm sure your lordship is very kind," says I (recklecting the sean betwigst him and master, whom he wanted to diddil out of a thowsnd lb.); "and you'll be happy to hear he's only in for a trifle. Five thousand pound is, I think, pretty near the mark."

"Five thousand pounds!—confusion!" says my lord, clasping his hands, and looking up to heaven, "and I have not five hundred! Dearest Matilda, how shall we help him?"

"Alas, my lord, I have but three guineas, and you know how Lady Griffin has the——"

"Yes, my sweet child, I know what you would say; but be of good cheer—Algernon, you know, has ample funds of his own."

Thinking my lord meant Dawkins's five thousnd, of which, to be sure, a good lump was left, I held my tung; but I cooden help wondering at Lord Crabs's igstream compashn for his son, and miss, with her £10,000 a-year, having only 3 guineas in her pockit.

I took home (bless us, what a home!) a long and very inflamble letter from miss, in which she dixscribed her own sorror at the disappintment; swoar she lov'd him only the moar for his misfortns; made light of them; as a pusson for a paltry sum of five thousand pound ought never to be cast down, 'specially as he had a certain independence in view; and vowd that nothing, nothing, should ever injuice her to part from him, etsettler, etsettler.

I told master of the conversation, which had passed betwigst me and my lord, and of his handsome offers, and his horrow at hearing of his son's being taken: and likewise mentioned how strange it was that miss should only have 3 guineas, and with such a fortn: bless us, I should have thot that she would always have carried a hundred thousand lb. in her pockit!

At this master only said, Pshaw! But the rest of the story about his father seemed to dixquiet him a good deal, and he made me repeat it over agin.

He walked up and down the room agytated, and it seam'd as if a new lite was breaking in upon him.

"Chawls," says he, "did you observe—did miss—did my father seem *particularly intimate* with Miss Griffin?"

"How do you mean sir?" says I.

"Did Lord Crabs appear very fond of Miss Griffin?"

"He was suttnly very kind to her."

"Come, sir, speak at once; did Miss Griffin seem very fond of his lordship?"

"Why, to tell the truth, sir, I must say she seemed *very* fond of him."

"What did he call her?"

"He called her his dearest gal."

"Did he take her hand?"

"Yes, and he——"

"And he what?"

"He kist her, and told her not to be so wery down-hearted about the misfortn which had hapnd to you."

"I have it now!" says he, clinching his fist, and growing gashly pail—"I have it now—the infernal old hoary scoundrel! the wicked, unnatural wretch! He would take her from me!" And he poured out a volley of oaves which are imposbill to be repeatid here.

I thot as much long ago: and when my lord kem with his vizits so pretious affeckshnt at my Lady Griffinses, I expected some such game was in the wind. Indeed, I'd heard a somethink of it from the Griffinses servnts, that my lord was mighty tender with the ladies.

One thing, however, was evident to a man of his intleckshal capassities; he must either marry the gal at onst, or he stood very small chance of having her. He must git out of limbo immediately, or his respectid father mighty be stepping into his vaykint shoes. Oh! he saw it all now—the fust attempt at arest, the marridge fixt at 12 o'clock, and the bayliffs fixt to come and intarup the marridge!—the jewel, praps, betwigst him and De l'Orge: but, no, it was the *woman* who did that—a *man* don't deal such fowl blows, igspecially a father to his son: a woman may, poar thing!—she's no other means of reventch, and is used to fight with under-hand wepns all her life through.

Well, whatever the pint might be, this Deuceace saw pretty clear, that he'd bean beat by his father at his own game—a trapp set for him onst, which had been defitted by my presnts of mind—another trap set afterwids, in which my lord had been suxesfle. Now, my lord, roag as he was, was much too good-naterd to do an unkind ackshn, mearly for the sake of doing it. He'd got to that pitch that he mind injaries—they were all fair play to him—he gave 'em, and reseav'd them, without a thought of mallis. If he wanted to injer his son, it was to benefick himself. And how was this to be done? By getting the hairiss to himself, to be sure. The Honrabble Mr. D. didn't *say so*, but I knew his feelinx well enough—he regretted that he had not given the old genlmn the money he askt for.

Poar fello! he thought he had hit it, but he was wide of the mark after all.

Well, but what was to be done? It was clear that he must marry the gal, at any rate—*cootky coot,* as the French say: that is, marry her, and hang the igspence.

To do so he must fust git out of prisn—to git out of prisn, he must pay his debts—and, to pay his debts, he must give every shilling he was worth. Never mind, four thousand pound is a small stake to a reglar gambler, igspecially when he must play it, or rot for life in prisn, and when, if he plays it well, it will give him ten thousand a-year.

So, seeing there was no help for it, he maid up his mind, and accordingly wrote the follying letter to Miss Griffin.

"My adored Matilda,—Your letter has indeed been a comfort to a poor fellow, who had hoped that this night would have been the most blessed in his life, and now finds himself condemned to spend it within a prison wall! You know the accursed conspiracy which has brought these liabilities upon me, and the foolish friendship which has cost me so much. But what matters it? We have, as you say, enough, even though I must pay this shameful demand upon me; and five thousand pounds are as nothing, compared to the happiness which I lose in being separated a night from thee! Courage, however! If I make a sacrifice, it is for you; and I were heartless indeed, if I allowed my own losses to balance for a moment against your happiness.

"Is it not so, beloved one? *Is* not your happiness bound up with mine, in a union with me? I am proud to think so—proud, too, to offer such a humble proof as this of the depth and purity of my affection.

"Tell me that you will still be mine; tell me that you will be mine to-morrow; and to-morrow these vile chains shall be removed, and I will be free once more—or, if bound, only bound to you! My adorable Matilda! my betrothed bride! write to me ere the evening closes, for I shall never be able to shut my eyes in slumber upon my prison-couch, until they have first been blest by the sight of a few words from thee! Write to me, love! write to me! I languish for the reply which is to make or mar me for ever. "Your affectionate,

"A. P. D."

Having polisht off this epistol, master intrusted it to me to carry, and bade me, at the same time, to try and give it into Miss Griffin's hand alone. I ran with it to Lady Griffinses. I found miss, as I desired, in a sollatary condition; and I presented her with master's pafewmed Billy.

She read it, and the number of size to which she gave vint, and the tears which she shed, beggar digscription. She wep and sighed until I thought she would bust. She claspt my hand even in her's, and said, "O, Charles! is he very, very miserable?"

"He is, ma'am," says I; "very miserable indeed—nobody, upon my honor, could be miserablerer."

On hearing this pathetic remark, her mind was made up at onst; and sitting down to her eskrewtaw, she immediantly ableaged master with an anser. Here it is in black and white:

"My prisoned bird shall pine no more, but fly home to its nest in these arms! Adored Algernon, I will meet thee to-morrow, at the same place, at the same hour. Then, then, it will be impossible for aught but death to divide us.

"M. G."

This kind of flumry stile comes, you see, of reading novvles, and cultivating littery purshuits in a small way. How much better is it to be puffickly ignorant of the hart of writing, and to trust to the writing of the heart. This is *my* style; artyfiz I dispise, and trust compleatly to natur; but *revnong a no mootong,* as our continental frends remark, to that nice white sheep, Algernon Percy Deuceace, Exquire; that wenrabble old ram, my Lord Crabs, his father; and that tender and dellygit young lamb, Miss Matilda Griffin.

She had just foalded up into its proper trianglar shape the noat transcribed abuff, and I was jest on the point of saying, according to my master's orders, "Miss, if you please, the Honrable Mr. Deuceace would be very much ableaged to keep the seminary which is to take place to-morrow a profound se——," when my master's father entered, and I fell back to the door. Miss, without a word, rusht into his arms, bust into tears agin, as was her reglar way (it must be confest she was of a very mist constitution), and shewing to him his son's note, cried, "Look, my dear lord, how nobly your Algernon, *our* Algernon, writes to me. Who can doubt after this of the purity of his matchless affection?"

My lord took the letter, read it, seemed a good deal of amyoused, and returning it to its owner, said, very much to my surprise, "My dear Miss Griffin, he certainly does seem in earnest; and if you choose to make this match without the consent of your mother-in-law, you know the consequence, and are of course your own mistress."

"Consequence!—for shame, my lord! A little money, more or less, what matters it to two hearts like ours?"

"Hearts are very pretty things, my sweet young lady; but three per cents are better."

"Nay, have we not an ample income of our own, without the aid of Lady Griffin?"

My lord shrugged his shoulders. "Be it so, my love," says he. "I'm sure I can have no other reason to prevent a union which is founded upon such disinterested affection."

And here the conversation dropt. Miss retired, clasping her hands, and making play with the whites of her i's. My lord began trotting up and down the room, with his hands stuck in his breeches pockits, his countnince lighted up with igstream joy, and singing, to my inordnit igstonishment:

"See the conquering hero comes!
Tiddy diddy doll—tiddy doll, doll, doll."

He began singing this song, and tearing up and down the room like mad. I stood amaizd—a new light broke in upon me. He wasn't going, then, to make love to Miss Griffin! Master might marry her! Had she not got the for—?

I say, I was just standing stock still, my eyes fixt, my hands puppindickler, my mouf wide open, and these igstrordinary thoughts passing in my mind, when my lord, having got to the last "doll" of his song, just as I came to the sillible "for" of my ventriloquism, or inward speech—we had eatch jest reached the pint digscribed, when the meditations of both were sudnly stopt, by my lord, in the midst of his singin and trottin match, coming bolt up aginst poar me, sending me up aginst one end of the room, himself flying back to the other; and it was only after considerable agitation that we were at length restored to any thing like a liquilibrium.

"What, *you* here, you infernel rascal?" says my lord.

"Your lordship's very kind to notus me," says I; "I am here;" and I gave him a look.

He saw I knew the whole game.

And after whistling a bit, as was his habit when puzzled (I bleave he'd have only whisled if he had been told he was to be hanged in five minnits), after whisling a bit he stops sudnly, and coming up to me, says:

"Hearkye, Charles, this marriage must take place to-morrow."

"Must it, sir," says I; "now, for my part, I don't think ——"

"Stop, my good fellow; if it does not take place, what do you gain?"

This stagger'd me. If it didn't take place, I only lost a situation, for master had but just enough money to pay his detts; and it wooden soot my book to serve him in prison or starving.

"Well," says my lord, "you see the force of my argument. Now, look here," and he lugs out a crisp, fluttering, snowy HUNDER PUN NOTE! "if my son and Miss Griffin are married to-morrow, you shall have this; and I will, moreover, take you into my service, and give you double your present wages."

Flesh and blood cooden bear it. "My lord," says I, laying my hand upon my busm, "only give me securaty, and I'm yours for ever."

The old noblemin grind, and pattid me on the shoulder. "Right, my lad," says he, "right—you're a nise promising youth. Here is the best security," and he pulls it out his pocket-book, returns the hunderd pun bill, and takes out one for fifty—"here is half to-day; to-morrow you shall have the remainder."

My fingers trembled a little as I took the pretty fluttering bit of paper, about five times as big as any sum of money I had ever had in my life. I cast my i upon the amount; it was a fifty, sure enough—a bank poss-bill, made payable to *Leonora Emilia Griffin*, and indorsed by her. The cat was out of the bag. Now, gentle reader, I spose you begin to see the game.

"Recollect, from this day, you are in my service."

"My lord, you overpoar me with your faviours."

"Go to the devil, sir," says he; "do your duty, and hold your tongue."

And thus I went from the service of the Honorable Algernon Deuceace to that of exlnsy the Right Honorable Earl of Crabs.

* * * * * *

On going back to prisn, I found Deuceace locked up in that oajus place, to which his igstravygansies had deservedly led him, and felt for him, I must say, a great deal of contemp. A raskle such as he—a swinler, who had robbed poar Dawkins of the means of igsistance, who had cheated his fellow roag, Mr. Richard Blewitt, and who was making a musnary marridge with a disgusting creacher like Miss Griffin, didn merit any compashn on my part; and I determined quite to keep secret the suckmstansies of my privit intervew with his exlnsy my presnt master.

I gev him Miss Griffinses trianglar, which he read with a satasfied air. Then, turning to me, says he:

"You gave this to Miss Griffin alone?"

"Yes, sir."

"You gave her my message?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you are quite sure Lord Crabs was not there when you gave either the message or the note?"

"Not there, upon my honor," says I.

"Hang your honor, sir! Brush my hat and coat, and go *call a coach*, do you hear?"

* * * * * *

I did as I was ordered; and on coming back found master in what's called, I think, the *greffe* of the prisn. The officer in waiting had out a great register, and was talking to master in the French tongue, in coarse: a number of poar prisners were looking eagerly on.

"Let us see, my lor," says he; "the debt is 98,700 francs; there are capture expenses, interest, so much; and the whole sum amounts to a hundred thousand francs, *moins* 13."

Deuceace, in a very myjestic way, takes out of his pocket-book four thowsand pun notes. "This is not French money, but I presume that you know it, M. Greffier," says he.

The greffier turned round to old Solomon, a money changer, who had one or two clients in the prisn, and hapnd luckily to be there. "Les billets sout bons," says he, "je les prendrai pour cent mille douze cent francs, et j'espere, my lor, de vous revoir."

"Good," says the Greffier; "I know them to be good, and I will give my lor the difference, and make out his release."

Which was done. The poar debtors gave a feeble cheer, as the great dubble iron gates swung open, and clangd to again, and Deuceace stept out, and me after him, to breathe the fresh hair.

He had been in the place but six hours, and was now free again—free, and to be married to ten thousand a-year nex day. But, for all that, he lookt very faint and pale. He *had* put down his great stake; and, when he came out of Saint Pelagie, he had but fifty pounds left in the world!

Never mind—when onst the money's down, make your mind easy; and so Deuceace did. He drove back to the Hotel Mirabew, where he ordered apartmince infinatly more splendid than befor; and I pretty soon told Toinette, and the rest of the suvvants, how nobly he behayved, and how he valyoud four thousand pound no more than ditch water. And such was the consquincies of my praises, and the poplarity I got for us boath, that the delighted landlady immediately charged him dubble what she would have done, if it hadn been for my stoaries.

He ordered splendid apartmince, then for the nex week, a carriage and four for Fontainebleau to-morrow at 12 presizely; and having settled all these things, went quietly to the Roshy de Cancale, where he dined, as well he might, for it was now eight o'clock. *I* didn't spare the shampang neither that night, I can tell you; for when I carried the note he gave me for Miss Griffin in the evening, informing her of his freedom, that young lady remarked my hagitated manner of walking and speaking, and said, "Honest Charles! he is flusht with the events of the day. Here, Charles, is a napoleon; take it, and drink to your mistress."

I pockitid it, but I must say I didn't like the money—it went aginst my stomick to take it.

Chap. IX. The Marriage.

Well, the nex day came; at 12 the carridge and four was waiting at the ambasdor's doar; and Miss Griffin and the faithfle Kicksy were punctial to the apintment.

I don't wish to digscribe the marridge seminary—how the embasy chapling jined the hands of this loving young couple—how one of the embasy footmin was called in to witniss the marridge—how miss wep and fainted, as usial—and how Deuceace carried her, fainting, to the brisky, and drove off to Fontingblo, where where they were to pass the fust week of the honey-moon. They took no servnts, because they wisht, they said, to be privit. And so, when I had shut up the steps, and bid the postillion drive on, I bid ajew to the Honrabble Algernon, and went off strait to his exlent father.

"Is it all over, Chawls?" says he.

"I saw them turned off at igsacktly a quarter past 1, my lord," says I.

"Did you give Miss Griffin the paper, as I told you, before her marriage?"

"I did, my lord, in the presents of Mr. Brown, Lord Bobtail's man, who can swear to her having had it."

I must tell you that my lord had made me read a paper which Lady Griffin had written, and which I was commishnd to give in the manner menshnd abuff. It ran to this effect:

"According to the authority given me by the will of my late dear husband, I forbid the marriage of Miss Griffin with the Honorable Algernon Percy Deuceace. If Miss Griffin persists in the union, I warn her that she must abide by the consequences of her act. "Leonora Emilia Griffin.

"*Rue de Rivoli, May* 8, 1818."

When I gave this to miss, as she entered the cort-yard, a minnit before my master's arrivle, she only read it contemptiously, and said, "I laugh at the threats of Lady Griffin;" and she toar the paper in two, and walked on, leaning on the arm of the faithful and obleaging Miss Kicksey.

I picked up the paper, for fear of axdents, and brot it to my lord. Not that there was any necessaty, for he'd kep a copy, and made me and another witniss (my Lady Griffin's solissator) read them both before he sent either away.

"Good!" says he; and he projuiced from his potfolio the fello of that bewchus fifty-pun note which he'd given my yesterday. "I keep my promise, you see, Charles," says he. "You are now in Lady Griffin's service, in the place of Mr. Fitzclarence, who retires. Go to Frojé's and get a livery."

"But, my lord," says I, "I was not to go into Lady Griffinses service, according to the bargain, but into——"

"It's all the same thing," says he; and he walked off.

I went to Mr. Froje's and ordered a new livry; and found, lickwise, that our coachmin and Munseer Mortimer had been there too. My lady's livery was changed, and was now of the same color as my old coat, at Mr. Deuceace's; and I'm blest if there wasn't a tremenjious great earls corronit on the butns, instid of the Griffin rampint, which was worn befoar.

I asked no questions, however; but had myself measured; and slep that night at the Plas Vandome. I didn't go out with the carridge for a day or two, though; my lady only taking one footmin, she said, until *her new carridge* was turned out.

I think you can guess what's in the wind *now!*

I bot myself a dressing-case, a box of Ody colong, a few duzen lawn sheets and neckcloths, and other things which were necessary for a genlmn in my rank. Silk stockings was provided by the rules of the house. And I completed the bisniss by writing the follying ginteel letter to my master:—

"*Charles Yellowplush, Esquire, to the Honorable A. P. Deuceace.*

"Sur,—Suckmstansies have acurd sins I last had the homer of waiting on you, which render it imposbill that I should remane any longer in your suvvice, I'll thank you to leave out my thinx when they come home on Sattady from the wash. Your obeajnt servnt,

"*Plas Vendome.* Charles Yellowplush."

The athografy of the abuv noat, I confess, is atrocious; but, *ke voolyvoo?* I was only eighteen, and hadn then the expearance in writing which I've enjide sins.

Having thus done my jewty in evry way, I shall prosead, in the nex chapter, to say what hapnd in my new place.

Chap. X.—The Honey Moon.

The weak at Fontingblow past quickly away; and at the end of it, our son and daughter-in-law—a pare of nice young tuttle-duvs—returned to their nest, at the Hotel Mirabew. I suspeck that the *cock* turtle-dove was preshos sick of his barging.

When they arriv'd, the fust thing they found on their table was a large parsle wrapt up in silver paper, and a newspaper, and a couple of cards, tied up with a piece of white ribbing, In the parsle, was a hansume peace of plum-cake, with a deal of sugar. On the cards was wrote, in Goffick characters,

Earl of Crabs.

And, in very small Italian,

Countess of Crabs.

And in the paper was the follying parrowgraff:—

"Marriage in High Life.—Yesterday, at the British embassy, the Right Honorable John Augustus Altamont Plantagenet, Earl of Crabs, to Leonora Emilia, widow of the late Lieutenant-General Sir George Griffin, K. C. B. An elegant *dejeune* was given to the happy couple, by his excellency Lord Bobtail, who gave away the bride. The *elite* of the foreign diplomacy, the Prince of Talleyrand, and the Marshal Duke of Dalmatia, on behalf of H. M. the King of France, honored the banquet and the marriage ceremony. Lord and Lady Crabs intend passing a few weeks at Saint Cloud."

The above dockyments, along with my own triffling billy, of which I have also givn a copy, greated Mr. and Mrs. Deuceace on their arrivle from Fontingblo. Not being presnt, I can't say what Deuceace said, but I can fansy how he *lookt*, and how poor Mrs. Deuceace lookt. They weren't much inclined to rest after the fiteeg of the junny, for, in ½ an hour after their arrivle in Paris, the hosses were put to the carridge agen, and down they came thundering to our country-house, at Saint Cloud (pronounst by those absud Frenchmin, Sing Kloo), to interrup our chaste loves and delishs marridge injyments.

My lord was sittn in a crimsn satan dress, lolling on a sofa at an open windy, smoaking seagars, as ushle; her ladyship, who, to do her justice, didn mind the smell, occupied another end of the room, and was working, in wusted, a pare of slippers, or an umbrellore case, or a coal skittle, or some such nonsints. You would have thought, to have seau 'em, that they had been married a sentry, at least. Well, I bust in upon this conjugal *tatortator*, and said, very much alarmed, "My lord, here's your son and daughter-in-law."

"Well," says my lord, quite calm, "and what then?"

"Mr. Deuceace!" says my lady, starting up, and looking fritened.

"Yes, my love, my son; but you need not be alarmed. Pray, Charles, say that Lady Crabs and I will be very happy to see Mr. and Mrs. Deuceace; and that they must excuse us receiving them *en famille*. Sit still, my blessing—take things coolly. Have you got the box with the papers?"

My lady pointed to a great green box—the same from which she had taken the papers when Deuceace fust saw them,—and handed over to my lord a fine gold key. I went out, met Deuceace and his wife on the stepps, gave my messinge, and bowd them palitely in.

My lord didn't rise, but smoak'd away as usual (praps a little quicker, but I can't say); my lady sate upright, looking handsum and strong. Deuceace walked in, his left arm tied to his breast, his hat and wife on the other. He looked very pale and frightened; his wife, poar thing! had her head berried in her handkerchief, and sobd fit to break her heart.

Miss Kicksy, who was in the room (but I didn mention her, she was less than nothink in our house), went up to Mrs. Deuceace at onst and held out her arms—she had a heart, that old Kicksey, and I respect her for it. The poor hunchback flung herself into Miss's arms with a kind of whooping screech, and kep there for some time, sobbing in quite a historical manner. I saw there was going to be a sean, and so, in cors, left the door ajar.

"Welcome to Saint Cloud, Algy, my boy!" says my lord, in a loud, hearty voice. "You thought you would give us the slip, eh, you rogue? But we knew it, my dear fellow; we knew the whole affair—did we not, my soul? And, you see, kept our secret better than you did yours."

"I must confess, sir," says Deuceace, bowing, "that I had no idea of the happiness which awaited me, in the shape of a mother-in-law."

"No, you dog; no, no," says my lord, giggling; "old birds, you know, are not to be caught with chaff, like young ones. But here we are, all spliced and happy at last. Sit down, Algernon; let us smoke a segar, and talk over the perils and adventures of the last month. My love," says my lord, turning to his lady, "you have no malice against poor Algernon, I trust! Pray shake *his hand*." (A grin.)

But my lady rose and said, "I have told Mr. Deuceace that I never wished to see him, or speak to him more. I see no reason now to change my opinion." And herewith she sailed out of the room, by the door through which Kicksey had carried poar Mrs. Deuceace.

"Well, well," says my lord, as Lady Crabs swept by, "I was in hopes she had forgiven you; but I know the whole story, and I must confess you used her cruelly ill. Two strings to your bow!—that was your game, was it, you rogue?"

"Do you mean, my lord, that you know all that past between me and Lady Grif—Lady Crabs, before our quarrel?"

"Perfectly—you made love to her, and she was almost in love with you; you jilted her for money, she got a man to shoot your hand off in revenge: no more dice-boxes, now, Deuceace; no more *sauter la coupe*. I can't think how the deuce you will manage to live without them."

"Your lordship is very kind, but I have given up play altogether," says Deuceace, looking mighty black and uneasy.

"Oh, indeed! Benedick has turned a moral man, has he? This is better and better. Are you thinking of going into the church, Deuceace?"

"My lord, may I ask you to be a little more serious."

"Serious! *a quoi bon?* I am serious—serious in my surprise that, when you might have had either of these women, you should have preferred that hideous wife of yours."

"May I ask you, in turn, how you came to be so little squeamish about a wife as to choose a woman who had just been making love to your own son?" says Deuceace, growing fierce.

"How can you ask such a question? I owe forty thousand pounds—there is an execution at Size's Hall—every acre I have is in the hands of my creditors; and that's why I married her. Do you think there was any love? Lady Crabs is a dev'lish fine woman, but she's not a fool—she married me for my coronet, and I married her for her money."

"Well, my lord, you need not ask me, I think, why I married the daughter-in-law."

"Yes, but I *do*, my dear boy. How the Deuce are you to leave? Dawkins's five thousand pounds won't last for ever; and afterwards?"

"You don't mean, my lord—you don't—I mean, you can't. D——!" says he, starting up, and losing all patience; "you don't dare to say that Miss Griffin had not a fortune of ten thousand a year?"

My lord was rolling and wetting betwigst his lips another segar; he lookt up, after he'd lighted it, and said, quietly,

"Certainly, Miss Griffin had a fortune of ten thousand a year."

"Well, sir, has she not got it now? Has she spent it in a week?"

"*She has not got a sixpence now: she married without her mother's consent!*"

Deuceace sunk down into a chair; and I never see such a dreadful pictur of despair as there was in the face of that retchid man!—he writhed, and nasht his teeth, he tore open his coat, and wriggled madly the stump of his left hand, until, fairly beat, he threw it over his livid pale face, and sinking backwards fairly wept alowd.

Bah! its a dreddfle thing to hear a man crying! his pashn torn up from the very roots of his heart, as it must be before it can git such a vent. My lord, meanwhile, rolled his segar, lighted it, and went on.

"My dear boy, the girl has not a shilling. I wished to have left you alone in peace, with your four thousand pounds: you might have lived decently upon it in Germany, where money is at 5 per cent, where your duns would not find you, and a couple of hundred a year would have kept you and your wife in comfort. But, you see, Lady Crabs would not listen to it. You had injured her, and after she had tried to kill you, and failed, she determined to ruin you, and succeeded. I must own to you that I directed the arresting business, and put her up to buying your protested bills; she got them for a trifle, and as you have paid them, has made a good two thousand pounds by her bargain. It was a painful thing, to be sure, for a father to get his son arrested; but, *que voulez-vous?* I did not appear in the transaction; she would have you ruined; and it was absolutely necessary that you should marry before I could, so I pleaded your cause with Miss Griffin, and made you the happy man you are. You rogue, you rogue! you thought to match your old father, did you? But never mind; lunch will be ready soon. In the meantime, have a segar, and drink a glass of Sauterne."

Deuceace, who had been listening to this speech, sprung up wildly.

"I'll not believe it," he said; "it's a lie, an infernal lie! forged by you, you hoary villain, and by the murderess and strumpet you have married. I'll not believe it; shew me the will. Matilda! Matilda!" shouted he, screaming hoarsely, and flinging open the door by which she had gone out.

"Keep your temper, my boy. You *are* vexed, and I feel for you; but don't use such bad language: it is quite needless, believe me."

"Matilda!" shouted Deuceace again; and the poor crookid thing came trembling in, followed by Miss Kicksey.

"Is this true, woman?" says he, clutching hold of her hand.

"What, dear Algernon?" said she.

"What?" screams out Deuceace, "what? Why, that you are a beggar, for marrying without your mother's consent; that you basely lied to me, in order to bring about this match; that you are a swindler, in conspiracy with that old fiend yonder, and the she-devil, his wife?"

"It is true," sobbed the poar woman, "that I have nothing but——"

"Nothing but what? Why don't you speak, you drivelling fool?"

"I have nothing!—but you, dearest, have two thousand a year. Is that not enough for us? You love me for myself, don't you, Algernon? You have told me so a thousand times—say so again, dear husband; and do not, do not be so unkind." And here she sank on her knees, and clung to him, and tried to catch his hand and kiss it.

"How much did you say?" says my lord.

"Two thousand a year, sir; he has told us so a thousand times."

"*Two thousand!* Two thou—ho, ho, ho,—haw! haw! haw!" roars my lord. "That is, I vow, the best thing I ever heard in my life. My dear creature, he has not a shilling—not a single marevedi, by all the gods and goddesses." And this exlent noblemin began laffin louder than ever; a very kind and feeling genlmn he was, as all must confess.

There was a paws; and Mrs. Deuceace didn begin cussing and swearing at her husband, as he had done at her: she only said, "O, Algernon! is this tru?" and got up and went to a chair, and wep in quiet.

My lord opened the great box. "If you or your lawyers would like to examine Sir George's will, it is quite at your service; you will see here the proviso which I mentioned, that gives the entire fortune to Lady Griffin—Lady Crabs that is: and here, my dear boy, you see the danger of hasty conclusions. Her ladyship only shewed you the *first page of the will*; of course, she wanted to try you. You thought you made a great stroke in at once proposing to Miss Griffin—do not mind it, my love, he really loves you now very sincerely!—when, in fact, you would have done much better to have read the rest of the will. You were completely bitten, my boy—humbugged, bamboozled—ay, and by your old father, you dog. I told you I would, you know, when you refused to lend me a portion of your Dawkins's money. I told you I would; and I *did*. I had you the very next day. Let this be a lesson to you, Percy my boy; don't try your luck again against such old hands; look deuced well before you leap; *audi alteram partem*, my lad, which means read both sides of a will. I think lunch is ready: but I see you don't smoke. Shall we go in?"

"Stop, my lord," says Mr. Deuceace, very humble; "I shall not share your hospitality—but—but—you know my condition: I am penniless—you know the manner in which my wife has been brought up——"

"The Honorable Mrs. Deuceace, sir, shall always find a home here, as if nothing had occurred to interrupt the friendship between her dear mother and herself."

"And for me, sir," says Deuceace, speaking faint, and very slow, "I hope—I—trust—I think, my lord, you will not forget me?"

"Forget you, sir; certainly not."

"And that you will make some provision?"

"Algernon Deuceace," says my lord, getting up from the sophy, and looking at him with sich a jolly malignaty as *I* never see, "I declare, before Heaven, that I will not give you a penny!"

Hereupon my lord held out his hand to Mrs. Deuceace, and said, "My dear, will you join your mother and me? We shall always, as I have said, have a home for you."

"My lord," said the poar thing, dropping a curtsy, "my home is with *him!*"

* * * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * a *

About three months after, when the season was beginning at Paris, and the autum leafs was on the ground, my lord, my lady, me, and Mortimer, were taking a stroal in the Boddy Balong, the carridge driving on slowly a head, and us as happy as posbill, admiring the plesnt woods, and the goldn sunset.

My lord was expayshating to my lady upon the egsquizit beauty of the sean, and pouring froth a host of butifle and virtuous sentaments sootable to the hour. It was dalitefle to hear him. "Ah!" said he, "black must be the heart, my love, which does not feel the influence of a scene like this; gathering, as it were, from those sunlit skies a portion of their celestial gold, and gaining somewhat of heaven with each pure draught of this delicious air!"

Lady Crabs did not speak, but prest his arm and looked upwards. Mortimer and I, too, felt some of the infliwents of the sean, and lent on our goold sticks in silence. The carriage drew up close to us, and my lord and my lady sauntered slowly tords it.

Jest at the place was a bench, and on the bench sate a poorly drest woman, and by her, leaning against a tree, was a man whom I thought I'd sean befor. He was drest in a shabby blew coat, with white seems and copper buttons; a torn hat was on his head, and great quantaties of matted hair and whiskers disfiggared his countnints. He was not shaved, and as pale as stone.

My lord and lady didn take the slightest notice of him, but past on to the carridge. Me and Mortimer lickwise took *our* places. As we past, the man had got a grip of the woman's shoulder, who was holding down her head, sobbing bitterly.

No sooner were my lord and lady seated, than they both, with igstreme dellixy and good natur, bust into a ror of lafter, peal upon peal, whooping and screeching, enough to frighten the evening silents.

Deuceace turned round. I saw his face now—the face of a devvle of hell! Fust he lookt towards the carridge, and pinted to it with his maimed arm; then he raised the other, *and struck the woman by his side*. She fell, screaming.

Poor thing! Poor thing! Charles Yellowplush.

Sir Astronomer Herschell was asked the other day by that silly fellow Twiss, if, on first applying his large telescope to Venus, anything remarkable presented itself. "O dear, yes, several things," exclaimed the great star-gazer. "Several things, Sir John?" rejoined Twiss with a look of astonishment; "do you mean to say that when you beheld the other heavenly bodies they presented several things also? The astronomer was mute. Twiss concluded by repeating to himself these words of Shakspeare—

"There are *more things* in heaven and earth, *Horatio*,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

Norton is proverbially stingy, and was the other day scrutinising his butcher's bill, with the view of getting a shilling or two taken off, previous to payment. "Bless me!" cried the Honorable Mister, "do you charge sevenpence-halfpenny for mutton—I never paid so much for mutton in all my life." "Perhaps not," replied the meat-purveyor, "but you've paid a great deal more for *Lamb*." The honorable haggler was glad to put a *check* upon further conversation, and wrote a draft accordingly.

SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 18, 1838.

ON DITS IN SPORTING CIRCLES.

New York Races.—The ensuing campaign at the North promises to exceed in interest any one that has taken place for several years. On the last page will be found a programme of the First Fall meetings on the Union and Beacon Courses—of the Athletic Exercises to come off on the latter—of the racing and trotting over the Hunting Park, Philadelphia, and of the Trotting Sweepstakes on the Beacon and Centreville courses.

Most of the Northern stables have been taken up some weeks, and several of hem are now galloping. We have heard from nearly all of them within a few days, and the trainers are in high spirits. *Decatur* and *Atalanta* are going and looking particularly well; how *Duane* is coming on we are not aware; but he is in good hands and will no doubt come to the post right. Laird's stable was never so strong; the *Brother to Post Boy*, a game looking 4 yr. old that has never started in public, *Job*, *Betsey Andrew*, and "a dark one" of Gen. Irvine's, are as fine as silk. Capt. Stockton's string is moving well; *Caroline*, the Miss Mattie filly, has recovered from her lameness and is looking so well that the fact will seriously affect the present odds in the great Four mile play or pay Sweepstakes next Spring, of which *Job* is first and *Fordham* second favorite. His imported colts and fillies are thought the finest lot ever seen at the North. Belcher has Atalanta, Suffolk, Jane Rowlett, Margaret Ridgeley, etc. a-going on the Island, and Conover has also a large string up. As soon as the trials commence next month, we shall recur to this subject at length.

Pigeon Shooting Sweepstakes.—We have received an application from several gentlemen of New York and New Jersey, requesting a "Pigeon Shooting Sweepstakes" to be opened on the Beacon Course, at $100 each subscription, and as soon as ten shall have sent in their money, a meeting of those who have subscribed will be called at the Pavillion on the Beacon Course, to make all and every necessary preliminary. The stake will close on the 15th of Sept. At the time of the meeting, which will be advertised, each subscriber is to pay $25 of his subscription, and the balance on the 15th of Sept., when the stake closes. Any gentleman wishing to subscribe, will please address a letter to the editor of this paper.

We are also desired to state, that Mr. Browning, the resident proprietor of the Course, will have, in a few days, a number of pigeons for the use of those gentlemen desiring to practice.

The Missouri Turf.—One of our special correspondents who has recently traversed this immense State from one extremity to the other, writes that its enterprising citizens are becoming generally engaged in improving the breed of stock. Several respectable Jockey Clubs, comparatively unknown beyond the limits of the State, have been established, and a great number are at present organizing. There are few sections of the Union better calculated for rearing stock, and our correspondent is of opinion, that Missouri, in a very few years, may be termed with propriety "*the* race horse region."

Van Leer has sold Mr. Robt. L. Stevens' *Jessica* to Philo C. Bush, of St. Louis, for $500. Jessica is a 3 yr. old filly by Eclipse out of the famous Betsy Ransom. Van Leer has also sold *Marmaduke* (by Henry out of Meg Dods,) to Mr. D. Ransom, for $600.

Van Leer has Mr. John C. Stevens' *African*, *Bonny Black*, and *Ethiopia*, in training. On the 30th ult. the three were in excellent condition, and were expected to add greatly to the interest of the races in that section.

A letter from Pulaski, Tenn., informs us that the citizens of Giles County are generally abandoning the culture of Cotton, and are turning their attention to breeding stock, of all kinds. They are about organizing a fine Jockey Club, having a large number of promising horses and young things. *Jerry* (by Pacolet out of Black Sophia, Birmingham's dam, by Topgallant,) stood in the county three years; his last season was made in 1834. Since then *Andrew Jackson* (by Virginian, dam by Sir Arthur,) stood there,—say in 1835. In 1836–7, *Talleyrand* (by Kosciusko, dam by Financier), old *Cock of the Rock*, and *Cramp* (by Arab, dam by Sir Archie,) made good seasons; and the present season *Robin Hood*, *Cramp*, and *Citizen* (by Stockholder,) have stood there. The colts of Talleyrand, our informant states, are promising from almost all sorts of mares. He is breeding *Dolly Taylor* to Robin Hood, and *Muslin* to Imp. Glencoe.

A Tennessee breeder desires some information respecting the pedigree of *Diomedan*, a horse bred by Mr. Edward Ward of Nottoway Co., Va., and said to have been sired by Imp. Diomed. He was the sire of *Tuneful*, who was run by Col. W. R. Johnson, at Warrington, N. C., in the Fall of 1810, and by Maj. A. J. Davie in the Fall of 1812, at the same place. He was once owned by Capt. James Ashby, of Bedford Co., Va.—removed to Tenn., and died at Huntsville, Ala.

A Word for Pete Whetstone.—The London (New) Sporting Magazine has adopted as a regular head the following:—"*Gleanings from the N. Y. Spirit of the Times.*" In quoting one of the last letters of our friend "Pete," the editor says:—

> Pete Whetstone, who dates from the Devil's Fork of the Little Red, Arkansas, is a regular contributor to the New York Spirit of the Times, and his droll and graphic sketches of sporting affairs in the far west may certainly rank with the best of the many good things which appear in that excellent Sporting Journal. We would borrow more frequently from Pete, but, unfortunately for our readers, many of his allusions can only be understood by those who are tolerably well acquainted with the affairs of Brother Jonathan, both Sporting and Political.

The Fall Races.—Several new announcements of Races and Matches to come off during the Fall campaign, will be found under the appropriate head on the last page.

A Chance for a Speculation.—A correspondent writes from Memphis, Tenn., that the citizens of that place are anxious to have a track and Jockey Club established there. The old track, he says, is unsafe to train on; there is, he adds, a fine lot of ground that would admirably answer for the location of a new course, stands, etc. It is situated about four miles from the Mississippi, and is occupied as a cotton plantation. An enterprising man would meet with every assistance from the citizens of Memphis, necessary to get the thing a-going, and our correspondent thinks no town on the river presents a better opening for an operation.

THE CANADIAN TURF.

Extract from a letter dated Sherbrooke, (L. C.) Aug. 1, 1838.

My Dear Sir,—I wrote you some time since, giving you an account of a horse here called *Negotiator*, and promised to write you soon again My next communication will give you a full, true, and particular account of our second meeting of "*Ascot Races*," which are to take place towards the close of this month. A meeting took place at Lennoxville on the 21st, when a regular Jockey Club was formed, and a Committee appointed to make immediate arrangements for the preparation of the ground. We cannot obtain the same ground as we had last season, but the course will still be within the limits of Ascot. The purses will be tolerably good for our backwoodsmen, and our bits of blood are not "werry bad." We hope to have Lord Durham both as a spectator and contributor. I shall take care that you have pedigrees, time, &c., on this occasion.

Believe me to be, dear Sir, yours truly, ——

NEW COURSE IN TENNESSEE.

Dresden, (Tenn.) 1st August, 1838.

Mr. Porter,—We have lately established a new Race Course within one mile and a half of this place. The soil is very fine for good time; it is a little undulating, but in good form, except a little too oval on one part of it; this the spirited and enterprising proprietor, Mr. Willis Nailing, will soon remedy. It is now handsomely railed on the outside and inside, and is just one mile and six feet in length, measuring three feet from the inside edge. The races over the *Social Course* will commence the second Tuesday in September. Our purses are pretty good for a new track, and great spirit is evinced in patronising the Turf.

I have a very fine Whale colt, foaled 25th June, out of Sparitta out of a Whip mare, for whom I bespeak the name of *Bustementé*—also a bay colt, *Sir Laddin*, by Telegraph out of Jane Dixon—now 3 yrs. old—in a large stake at Jackson.

Yours truly, D. Cochran.

EDGAR'S AMERICAN STUD BOOK.

Dear Sir,—In one of the last Spirit of the Times, there is a letter from Patrick N. Edgar & Co. stating that their Stud Book will not be published until there are a sufficient number of subscribers to defray the expenses. I regret exceedingly this delay, as the work is a great *desideratum*, and has been anxiously looked for, for a long time. The English Stud Bood, (though valuable to all) has not sold well, because comparatively few in this country know or care any thing about horses the on other side of the Atlantic; but all are deeply interested in the pedigrees of native stock.

Mr. Edgar, I believe, has not met much success in the sale of his first volume, but I must believe it is his own fault. *I have not met a single Turfman in Alabama who has seen it*, (though all want it,) and it is not to be found in any bookstore.

If Mr. E. will publish his Book, and put it in the hands of some bookseller in New York, who can send it to all parts of the country, I have no doubt that several thousand copies can be sold. I have a number of acquaintances in this place who are anxious to have it.

I will suggest another plan which may be more acceptable to him, viz.:—Let one gentleman of each town in the U. States (where interest is taken in these matters) come forward and say in the Spirit of the Times (*postage paid*) he will be responsible for a certain number of copies, and give the name of a bookseller to whom they may be sent.

I will set the example by pledging myself for 10 copies, if sent to the care of S. M. Sumwalt & Co., Mobile. If you approve of the project, and will make a little noise in your paper about it, I think Mr. Edgar may soon be remunerated for his time and trouble. Yours truly, &c. J. C. N.

P.S. Our Sweepstake for 2 year olds, Nov. next, has closed. Garrison names filly by Chateau—Cornelius Robinson, filly by Bertrand, out of Kleber's dam—Stephenson, Imp. filly by Birdcatcher, dam by Phantom—Fearn & Nott, two Imp. fillies, one by Sultan out of Marinella, the other by Hokee Pokee out of Frederick's dam. The nags are all finely bred, and I hope we shall have a good race.

Mobile, Aug. 8, 1838

Note.—A recent letter informs us that "Skinner's *English and American Stud Book*" is only to be obtained of Mr. Gideon B. Smith, at the Turf Register Office, Baltimore. Mr. Smith has also for sale the 1st Vol. of Edgar's "*Race Turf Register, Herald, and General Stud Book*;" price $6.—Ed.

CAMBRIDGE (Mass.) TROTTING PARK COURSE.

A subscriber in Boston, to whom we are indebted for many courtesies, sends us the following "bang up" report of "the doings" on this course last week.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 8, 1838—Purse $50, for Pacing Horses. Catch weights. Mile heats, best 3 in 5, under the Saddle.

Canadian Tiger, b. g., 142lbs.	Geo. Edwards.	1	1	1
Sancho Panza, br. h., 130lbs.	Mr. Willard...	2	2	dist.

Time, 2:44—2:51—3.01.

First heat.—After two false starts, they got off well together. Sancho Panza had the pole, and soon took the lead, and kept it for about three quarters of a mile, when the "go-along" was out of him for this heat, and Canadian Tiger passed and won the heat handsomely in 2:44.

Second heat.—Canadian Tiger now had the pole, and they went from the score at a racing pace. On coming to the first turn, Sancho made a bad break; Tiger now made play, and maintained the lead for three quarters of a mile, when Sancho went to work again, and soon made up the gap, passing Tiger handsomely, and kept his place until within 100 yards of home. At this critical moment his rider looked back to see where his antagonist was, when Edwards, who was "wide awake," caught his horse by the head, and giving him the "persuaders," brought him home a gallant winner in 2.51.

Third heat.—The nags, of course, were placed the same as in the second heat. The start was a good one, but before going 300 yards, Sancho "all of a sudden" took the "sulks," and came to a stand still. Tiger, now having the heat all his own way, came home at his ease in 3:01; Sancho Panza "no where!"

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse $50, free for all Trotting Horses. Catch weights. Mile heats, best 3 in 5, under the Saddle.

Lady of the Lake, b. m., 106lbs.	Read.......	1	2	1	2	1
Little John, s. g., 142lbs.	Edwards....	2	1	2	1	2
Young Buckskin, s. g., 150lbs.	Brownell....	3	3	3	3	3
Old Brown, b. g.. 150lbs.	White.......	4	4	4	4	4

Time, 2:52—2:53—2:52—2:56—2:49.

First heat.—Young Buckskin had the pole, Old Brown 2d, Little John 3d, and Lady of the Lake outside. At the tap of the drum they all got off beautifully together, and before making the first turn, Lady of the Lake took the lead, with Little John well up. The contest was maintained with spirit to the end, each "doing all he knew," but Lady of the Lake won the heat in 2:52.

Second heat.—Lady of the Lake had the pole, Little John 2d, Young Buckskin 3d, and Old Brown 4th. They went away together "with a rush," that soon told on both the "Young 'un" and the "Old 'un," a very severe brush ensuing between Lady of the Lake and Little John. Before making the first turn, the Lady broke, and John made the most of it, and before the mare got well to work, a huge gap was made between them that the Lady could not close up, and "the little 'un" won the heat in 2:53.

Third heat.—Little John now had the pole, Lady of the Lake 2d. They got off cleverly at a slapping pace, Little John and the Lady dropping their competitors before making the first turn, and went at their work as though they had but a short time to do it in; and so it proved, as the Lady soon collared John, and gave him the "go-by," winning the heat in 2:52.

Fourth heat.—It was again the right of Lady of the Lake to take the pole, with Little John the 2d place. The start was a good one—all the horses in a "pile," until coming to the first turn, when John and the Lady "cut the acquaintance" of the other two in the company, Little John taking the lead, and winning the heat in 2:56. In this heat Young Buckskin made play, and work, too, for John and the Lady that they little expected, and would have taken the heat but for an accident.

Fifth heat.—Little John had the pole, Lady of the Lake 2d, the others placed as before. The excitement was intense, as this heat would probably decide which was entitled to the "pewter." They went away well together, and kept nearly "side and side" until they made the first turn, when each took up "fighting on his own hook," and went at it like "trotting crabs," first one ahead, and then another, until coming to the woods, when John and the Lady, as before, dropped their company, and made play through the woods at a killing pace. On coming up the "sand hill" out of the woods, the Lady took the lead, and kept it to the end, winning the heat in "slap up style" in 2:49.

The course is a full mile, and the soil very sandy, which prevents our showing "crack" time. It is but justice to the Lady of the Lake to say, that she never had one hour's training, and ten minutes before she made her trot, was taken from before a gig, weighing 450 pounds, and she has not had a "pig skin" on her-back for ten months. A Subscriber.

Boston, Aug. 14, 1838.

AQUATIC SPORTS.

The long talked of Regatta came off at Bradley's, on the North River, on Monday last, 13th instant. An Amateur has furnished us with the report annexed:—

FIRST RACE—Six Oars. Distance, five miles.

Spark	1
Edwin Forrest	2

Time, 29:00.

The Forrest turned the stake-boat first, but was passed by the Spark, which came in 200 yards ahead.

SECOND RACE—Four Oars. Distance, five miles.

Benjamin Shamburgh	1
Brooklyn	2
William Scott	3

Time, 29:00.

There was a great deal of interest taken in this race, though not much betting. The Brooklyn was rather the favorite, being manned by a first-rate crew—the Shamburgh was manned by Whitehallers, who were determined to *do or die*, as the result proved. She is now a No. 1, never having been beaten.

For the *third race*, with two pair of sculls, there were four entries, though they did not start in consequence of some difficulty which arose about the coxswains, there being three against, and one (the *Quaker*) in favor of it. The *Challenge* was one of the entries for this race, under the name of the *Dash*. The Messrs. Seamen should strike a *leetle* higher, for when a crack boat like her comes in, all the small fry must vanish, as they have not a chance left. B.

"PATRONAGE OF SPORTING WORKS."

The first response to the article in last week's paper under this caption, is contained in the following most acceptable and gratifying letter which reached us on Wednesday last:—

Wm. T. Porter, Esq. —— Boston, (Mass.) Aug. 14, 1838.

Dear Sir:—Herewith I send you an account of a Pacing and Trotting Match, which come off over the Cambridge Park Trotting Course last week.

I owe you an apology for not sending you before this the names of *three* subscribers to your "new" series, in answer to your question "*who will send* Two?" but a short story is the soonest told—my own negligence is the reason. I now send you below the names of TWENTY Gentlemen, all "good men and true," who desire to become *par*-takers of your "*Spirit*." Enclosed is one of Nick Biddle's "$100 Specks" for their several subscriptions for one year, and you will please direct one copy to each of them, commencing with your last number. A Subscriber.

While we cannot say much for the punctuality of our New England subscribers generally, we are proud to state, that in the city of Boston this paper has ever enjoyed a liberal support, and in no other in the Union have our subscribers been of higher character, or more prompt in the liquidation of their subscriptions.

SPORTING EPISTLE FROM ALABAMA.

Walnut Grove, (near Macon, Ala.) July 29th, 1838.

Dear Sir,—I have seen a challenge in the "Spirit of the Times," from *Georgia to Alabama*. I presume Georgia is writhing from the pain of her defeat at Montgomery last January, and hopes by a match to regain the vantage ground. I had hoped the chivalry of her sons would have induced them to remain silent under defeat, and not throw out a challenge upon an unequal footing. There are five training stables in Georgia to one in Alabama, and five horses trained in the former state to one in the latter. I only know three or four training stables in the State, as Mr. Garrison's may be considered a travelling stable, viz.: Messrs. Vance Johnson, Davis, and Tayloe & Johnson. Many gentlemen train a few horses for their own amusement, and occasionally run one, but cannot be considered regular turfites. Do the Georgians expect us to travel to them to test the palm? They certainly cannot wish that advantage given them—I hope their chivalry will prevent that. The Alabamians are always ready to back their horses, and myself being opposed to match-racing, do respectfully invite the Georgians to Montgomery with *their crack* nags, where they will find a "fair field and no favor." Montgomery is as far from any regular Alabama training stable as it is from Columbus. If they can bring nags there to beat us they can win money enough without matching—as that is a betting community.

If *Wagner* is considered an Alabama horse I presume his owner will be willing to match him against any Georgia horse, mare or gelding. Georgia, let us meet upon equal ground. Enter into sweepstakes or poststakes at all distances with us, to be run every year at Montgomery, at a moderate entrance, say $500 each and every race. I presume we would go into a string of that kind, and it would test the relative merits of our cattle.

I understand Hammond has had his string in hand some time. We have not yet taken up our horses.

They have made crack time at Louisville this Spring—indeed one race eclipses every thing of the kind—1:48½, 1:48½, 1:48½ is hard to beat over any Turf.

There are two match races to be run over the Picton Course (Ala.) next Fall, one mile each with cocktails, *grey mare* verses *bay horse*, *Switch* verses *Bobtail*, 89 lbs. upon each, $1000 aside.

I have seen no report of the Washington City Spring races. Was no report made out?

Lady Johnson by Trafalgar out of Sally Slouch, has dropped a colt by Garrison's Zinganee this Spring, but too late to go to Luzborough. *Glencoe's* colts are well spoken of. *Robin Brown's* colts look well. I am anxious to hear whether *Post Boy* has done well this Spring. I hope to send a mare to him next Spring. He ought to be a fashionable stallion. Success to you and "The Girls up Town." Yours, &c. Macon.

Query—Is Col. Crowell's stable Georgian or Alabamian?

Note by the Editor.—The original banter from *Georgia to Alabama* was made by a turfman of Columbus, Ga., with whom, by reputation, we are well acquainted, though we could not have designated the author at the time. It has since come to our knowledge that in making the challenge to Alabama, an exception was made of Col. Crowell's stable, though the editor of the Columbus Sentinel omitted the sentence stating this fact, in publishing the challenge in his paper. Col. Crowell, as soon as the publication was made, waited upon the author of the challenge to accept it, when a proper explanation was made to him, and the original challenge produced. His stable, with the exception of his brood mares and colts, are now trained in Georgia, but he considers his an Alabama stable.

No complete report *has yet* been published of the Washington City Spring races, though graphic details of particular races during the meeting have been given in this paper. Who is the Secretary, Mr. Garrison? Will Mr. Wilson, the new proprietor, oblige many of his sporting friends by having a full report made out?

Post Boy, we are glad to hear, has made a very fine season at Murfreesboro'.

EXTRAORDINARY PERFORMANCES ON A RAIL.

Last night, about 10 o'clock, I heard what might be called an "uproarious" hubbub in the street, and ran out to see what was going on, as anything in the shape of a sensation at this season of the year is highly agreeable. And what do you think I did see? Not a racoon, but an Irishman, "ridin' on a rail." I wish you and old Billy Johnson had been there to see it.

Here came the Chiravari Club in full procession, and in carnival costumes, with half the city at their heels, and *Mr. Edmund Keene Burke* at their head, "a sittin' on a rail,"—borne on the shoulders of two sturdy fellows, taking what the jockies call "walking exercise." Having been taken out of his bed rather unceremoniously from the side of his Dulcinea, he had on but a single garment; his head was decorated with an old straw hat, through the top of which a hole was punched and a candle inserted; his bare legs dangled on either side like a couple of catfish;—a little fellow in woman's clothes and bonnet was holding firmly to one, and the man on the other side to the off-leg, to keep him steady in his seat; his body had a gentle dandy Jack curve, and his claws were firmly clenched round the rail. There was a picture for Hogarth! Whigs and Democrats all united to honor the *hero of the night*. Here they go, rag, tag, and bobtail. Fay, fay, fay! went the little trumpets; Toot-oot-oot! went the tin horns; Tung-a-bung-a-bung! went the cow-bells; Rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub! went the drum, "a sittin' on a rail" sung everybody. "Go it, you cripple!"—"Hurra for Burke!"—"Hell's afloat!"—"Don't be looking on both sides at once, Burke—look between your horse's ears,—that's Garrison's rule."—"Go it, Burke, don't be afeard of your horse's bottom."—"Damn *his bottom!*" says Burke, "I am afraid *mine* will give out first."—"Hurra, boys! he has had walking exercise enough; let's give him a bust of heels." Away they went down the street at a killing pace, and you would have thought he was mounted on a nag of no ordinary action if you had seen the infinite variety of positions his body assumed in the air. He was then taken off to the Alabama Hotel and mounted on the counter.—"A speech from Mr. Burke! a speech from Mr. Burke!" Mr. Burke then amused the company with a very neat and appropriate democratic *undress*—took a drink of *licker*, and wound up with a very amorous toast.

"Hallo boy! I say, have you got that rail rubbed down? it is time for the next heat!" So they set him gently upon the rail again, and galloped him through every street and hotel in town.

Mr. Burke was four hours upon the rail, and deserves immortality for his *very uncommon* performances; but the "go along" was pretty well taken out of him, and the bark was so rubbed off of—— the rail, that it will never be fit for anything but to ride delinquent subscribers of the Spirit of the Times; so just send them down to Mobile, and we will try their speed, and *bottom* too.

But what did they ride Mr. B. on the rail for? Only for breaking two of his father's ribs, taking away his wife from him and marrying her—his own step-mother—they are all the same breed of dogs. The old man and son are engravers, and it is generally supposed that their morals have been destroyed by engraving shinplasters for the Mobile corporation. Yours, &c. Dick Tattersall,

Mobile, Aug. 8, 1838. *Sec'y of Mobile Carivari Club.*

News by the Packets.

We continue to-day our extracts from foreign papers and magazines received at this office by the *Great Western* last week, and the *Sheffield*, Liverpool packet, which arrived on Tuesday. Selections will be found in our columns from four different Foreign Sporting magazines, and we have given a taste of the qualities of as many more Literary ones, in addition to whole rafts of papers.

SCAN. MAG. IN THE GREEN ROOM.

We some weeks since published an account from the London Morning Chronicle, of the Duel between Lord Castlereagh and M. De Melcy, the husband of Madame Grisi, the celebrated Italian vocalist, which grew out of the circumstance of a letter having been intercepted by De Melcy, addressed by Castlereagh to his wife. The London Satirist gives the following as *the letter* which occasioned the Duel:—

The Intercepted Billet-doux.—*Tuesday.*—Accomplished and lovely syren, I have long admired you—long loved you. My passion I have endeavored to express by my eyes, and by my nightly attendance on your performances. I can no longer conceal my devotion—my esteem—my regard—for one who has taken absolute possession of my soul. Pardon the fervor of my expression—excuse the want of conciseness in my language, and attribute the confusion of my ideas to my affection. O! that the beautiful—the adored being that gives pleasure to my soul and consolation to my heart, would but grant a personal interview to one that truly and sincerely loves her—what happiness would she confer! Afford me, I conjure you, the opportunity I seek—let me see you alone, that I may express to you what I feel, and how fiercely burns that flame which nothing but absolute possession can extinguish.

Do, beloved one, grant this favor to one that has been, is, and will be ever thine.

Castlereagh.

Superscribed, "Madame Grisi."

The Satirist of June 24th contained the following article:—

Madame Gerard De Melcy.—Giudetta Grisi, both as a singer and a tragic actress, had acquired great celebrity at the theatres in Italy, and in Rossini's opera, *La Straniera*, performed at the Theatre Della Scala, at Milan, she was considered as second only to Pasta. It was under her protection that her younger sister, Giulia, (the subject of this sketch,) appeared in a subaltern part. Her beauty and vivacity attracted attention, and led to an intimacy with a Mr. Marliani, the nephew of a celebrated banker at Milan, a married man, with a family of several children, and distinguished by his musical talents and personal appearance, being at that time one of the handsomest men at Milan, and from his muscular powers well qualified to succeed in the character of an *homme a bonnes fortunes*, which seemed to be his principal vocation. Giulia, at the close of the season, accepted an engagement at the theatres of Pisa, and subsequently at Leghorn, where shortly afterwards, at the age of seventeen, she gave birth to a child, by Marliani, as it was supposed. She then returned to Milan, under an engagement to sing at La Scala, of which the celebrated Barbaja was the acting manager for the Marchese Visconti, the proprietor. Here she remained some time, and whether she became a second time a mother, as is generally said, or not, certain it is that her connection with Marliani was no longer a secret. On being reproached by some of her friends on having surrendered her beauty to a married man, she boldly replied—"Non sapete che Marliani e il miglior chiavatore di Milano?" She then broke her engagement with Barbaja, and went to Paris, where she arrived in company with Marliani, with whom she continued to live, and who composed an opera for her, which had but limited success. Giulia appeared during the season in company with her sister Judith (Giudetta); but although she was very warmly received, her first success was owing to her beauty. Upon this element she grounded the more solid fabric of musical talent and skill, both of which she improved, after considerable study, under Rossini. After the third year of her engagement at the Italian Opera at Paris, she suddenly separated from Marliani, and became the companion of Mr. Caccia, the son of the well-known and wealthy Italian banker, residing in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs at Paris. Young Caccia became so enamored with Giulia, that he intended to make her his wife. But his father strongly opposed the match, and even compelled his son to break off all intercourse with her. A few months after this separation she became the wife of Mr. Gerard De Melcy. The marriage vow, however, proved, it is said, no bar to that trifling with the French term, "donner un coup de caniff au contrat de marriage;" for it is generally believed at Paris, that the Duke of Orleans, enamoured with Grisi, was no unsuccessful candidate for her smiles. Be this, however, as it may, Grisi's "*rara virtu*" has become unquestionable in this country; and the precious blood of the Castlereaghs, mixed up with a few drops of japan ink (vide the written document handed over, before the duel, to Mr. Cottreau), form the best *proof* for the extinguishment of any stains which the scandalous tongues of Italy and of Paris may have left on the reputation of the fair vocalist.

Our readers may recollect, among the paragraphs of news selected from papers received by the Great Western, last week, a "very mysterious" one in these words:—

M. De Melci and Madame Grisi.—A post-chaise and four, containing Madame Grisi, a female friend, and Mr. Balfe, arrived at the Old Ship Hotel, Brighton, on Sunday last. A short time after the arrival of this party, an interview took place between them and M. De Melci, who had previously become an inmate of the York Hotel; the result of which interview was, that all the parties to this conference returned immediately to London together. It has been understood that M. de Melci had made arrangements for embarking for Dieppe by the next steamer, and that his ultimate destination was Russia.

Morning Post of Friday.

It turns out that in consequence of the article in The Satirist (quoted above) a separation took place between De Melcy and his wife;—at least, so says the Satirist, and the paragraph from the Morning Post looks very like a confirmation of its statement. The Satirist pretends that De Melcy had not the slightest suspicion of his wife until the appearance of its article, when he immediately left her, intending to quit the country. She instantly posted after him, accompanied by Balfe and "a female friend," and on representing that since her union with him she had been true to her "marriage vows," the "distinguished foreigner," having the fear of losing a really fine woman, and one hundred pounds per night, by his desertion, finally consented to share with her again his "bed and board." Thus the matter appears to stand; the London papers are full of "damnable hints and diabolical inuendoes" about the parties, and poor Castlereagh is unmercifully quizzed for risking his life and attempting the seduction of "a singing woman" who had been, it appears, seduced several times before.

Macready commences his engagement at the Haymarket on the 23d July; shortly after which Sergeant Talfourd's "Athenian Captive" is to be produced, that gentleman having entered into an arrangement with the indefatigable manager to that effect.

Covent Garden theatre closed on Friday, July 6, and the "bumper at parting" was highly complimentary to Macready. At the termination of Mr. Sheridan Knowles's play of "Woman's Wit," Mr. Bartley, the stage-manager, stepped forward, and delivered the following address:—

"Ladies and gentlemen,—the office which I hold here, makes it my duty to address a few words to you at the close of our season.

"When Mr. Macready took upon him the arduous task and serious responsibility of conducting this establishment, he was prepared to encounter obstacles, and make sacrifices. He has encountered the former, and he has made the latter, but the result of his experiment is a deep and proud sense of gratitude for the applause and encouragement with which his efforts have been received.

"It was his object, his ambition, frankly announced by him, to conduct this theatre upon an altered system, in a different taste—to attempt a sort of counter-revolution on our stage in favor of our national drama. This is a change he could scarcely hope to achieve in a single season; but, ladies, and gentlemen, he has the most confident, the most sanguine hope of the future from the past. An oyinion has gone abroad that our standard English plays are no longer attractive to an English public. You will, I am sure, learn with pleasure, that the plays of Shakspeare, produced at this theatre genuine and unalloyed, have been the most attractive and the most profitable performances of the season. [Great cheering.] We have further to acknowledge our obligations for the liberality and zeal with which the pens of Bulwer and Talfourd, and the pencil of Stanfield, have been engaged in our cause; and to add among the happy recollections of our season a new success by Sheridan Knowles, together with the introduction of the name of Rooke among those which adorn English opera. [Immense applause.]

"Ladies and gentlemen,—Mr. Macready, upon entering on the conduct of this establishment, pledged himself to the public that interior arrangements and regulations should guard the respectable visitors of the theatre from intrusions justly considered offensive, as inconsistent with social and moral propriety; that no orders should be issued, and no exaggerated or fallacious announcements should appear in the play-bills. These pledges have been strictly kept. [Cheers.]

"It only remains for me to state, that Mr. Macready will continue the lessee—[Long and continued applause from all parts of the theatre];—that the theatre will be re-opened by him in September; that in the meantime no cost or pains will be spared in following up the principles and achieving the objects put forth at the commencement of his uudertaking, and that he confidently trusts the ensuing season will have new claims to your patronage and favor.

"Until the period I have mentioned, in the name of all the performers, and in my own, I respectfully bid you farewell."

Age.

Elopement Extraordinary.—A considerable degree of excitement has been caused amongst the fashionables at the West end, in consequence of the discovery of an elopement from the house of a lady of fortune namee G——n, in York-place, Upper Baker-street, Portman-square. The fair fugitive is the youngest daughter of Mrs. G——, and it appears, from the most diligent inquiries made in the neighborhood, that the lady ln question, who is no more than 18 years of age, and possessed of property to a large amount, was observed to quit home by the street door, and that the footman, a smart young fellow, called by the family Joseph, made his exit by the back door, leading into the adjoining mews, having previously packed into a hackney-coach, in waiting at the entrance, sundry hampers, boxes, &c., which he brought from the house; the vehicle then started off, and in the course of a few hours Miss G—— and the footman were missing. Inquiries were immediately instituted, and it was at length ascertained that the knight of the shoulder-knot had been indissolubly united to his "ladye fair" at Shoreditch church. It is said that the bride will in a few years come into possession of a very large fortune.

The *British Queen*, the largest steamer in the world, has arrived in the Clyde, to have her engines fitted up. She is intend for the New York and London station.

Kentucky is the stronghold of the marvellous. The latest wonder from that quarter relates to a native, who can imitate the cock-crow with so much skill, as to cause the sun to rise two hours before his time.

Bell's Life.

One of the best notices, illustrative of a modest request, we have seen for many a day, is the following:—"J. Rose, 35 College-street, begs leave to acquaint the loyal subjects of Southampton that he wishes to celebrate the Coronation of her most gracious Majesty in a becoming way; he therefore would feel much obliged to any of his friends if they will be kind enough to provide him with a dinner on that day for his family, eleven in number.

The following laughable occurrence happened at a small town in Worcestershire:—A printer having been applied to print a notice for closing the shops, &c., on the day of the coronation, by some mistake, purposely or accidentally made, the letter C was put in the place of S, which made it read as follows:—"Notice is hereby given that all the tradesmen have agreed not to open their *chops* on the coronation day." This, of course, was an unlucky announcement for many, when the roast beef and plum pudding came in view.

A Splendid Offer.—It appears that 50 years ago, on the establishment of the first daily evening paper, an offer was made to Robert Burns of a guinea a week to write an article in it, which offer he at once declined.

A Real Jonathan.—An old eccentric clerk in Philadelphia, after writing several letters, laid his pen down, and having occasion to write again, took up his finger instead of his pen, nor did he discover his error until he began to mend it.

London Sunday Times.

A Tin Boat.—Some younkers of this city have built a neat pleasure-boat, capable of containing four persons conveniently, the materials of which are sheets of tin. The keel and the prow, and the ribs of the boat, are of wood. The row locks are neatly inlaid with brass. There is a light mast carrying a sail, and every apparatus is of the neatest construction, with brass pulleys and all things complete. The boat is so buoyant that it is necessary to ballast it with shifting weights, and we fear, that unless great care is used, it will some day or other capsize and cool the courage of its navigators by a plunge into the river. It is so light that two youths can carry it with perfect ease.

Lincoln Gazette.

A deputation of gentlemen from Waterford waited on Saturday on Mr. Charles Kean to present a piece of plate, which had been voted to him by his friends and admirers in that city. The silver vase contained the following inscription:—"Presented to Charles Kean, Esq., as a token of esteem for his private character and admiration of his talents, by a few friends in his native city of Waterford."

A gentleman has made a wager that he will appear on a Monday at the Opera in Paris, on the Tuesday at the Opera in London, on the Wednesday at the Opera in Brussels, and on the Thursday seat himself at table, at six o'clock precisely, at the Cafe de Paris. Several thousand pounds are already depending on the event of this most extraordinary undertaking.

The booby Castlereagh was running on in his usual fulsome and complimentary strain to Mrs. George Anson, when her husband called for an explanation of a particular remark which he heard addressed to the lady. "What do you mean by that?" asked Anson. "Mean," stammered the simpleton lord, "I only mean that your lady is a very slender figure." "By slender, I presume," rejoined George, "you mean thin, if so, I wish you at once to be undeceived on the point that she is *too spare*." The lordling took the hint and walked away.

De Melcy complained that his was a hard case. The wags who are in the secret of modern duelling give out that the *case* of his opponent was much *harder*, or the consequences might have proved fatal!

There is no truth in the statement put forth in one of the daily papers, that the puppy Castlereagh and "the singing woman's" husband shook hands *after* the affair at Wormwood Scrubbs. The truth is, that the noble Viscount exhibited an unrestrainable inclination to *shake before* being placed on the ground.

The Marquis de Miraflores, the soap-boiling representative of the chivalry of Spain, is said to derive his origin from *Castile*. With proverbial Spanish pride, however, any allusion to his "untoward" calling is said to put him in a complete "lather."

Madame Tussaud has got "the counterfeit resemblance" of John Thoms, *alias* Courtenay, in wax, to figure beside the illustrious King of Hanover and other scamps of the highest grade. Sam Rogers says the material is well-chosen, for John Thoms promised, at one time, to make a very tolerable exhibition of *whacks-work* even while yet living.

Warrender, boasting of his gastronomical skill, observed, in the hearing of Alvanley, that he could make excellent soup. "Yes," rejoined the lordly wit, "so does a *calf's head*."

"I'm in a devil of a fever," said Talfourd to Wild, "whenever I have anything in the press." "You mean, I presume, a *type*-us fever," rejoined the learned sergeant.

Rogers, seeing a ribbon round the neck of Castlereagh (for the support, as it subsequently appeared, of his wounded arm), inquired of Alvanley what order the sapling lord belonged to. "An order of *Greece-I* believe," rejoined Al.

"Venus must be very beautiful when seen through your telescope?" said Twiss to Herschel at the dinner given to the great astronomer the other day. "Sir," rejoined Sir John, "she is quite *heavenly*, I assure you."

"There is no apprehension, I trust," observed Londonderry to the surgeon attendant on Castlereagh, "of the fever affecting my son's brain!" "*None whatever*," rejoined the physician.

Old Rolle was so delighted with the condescension of the Queen in rising to receive him after the accident that happened on his approach to do homage, that he openly exclaimed, in the presence of Lady Rolle, that it would add twenty years at least to his life. "Twenty years!" thundered the lady, "are you mad, John Lord Rolle, to teaze me in this way?" His lordship made no reply.

"How did De Melcy deport himself—how did he look before Castlereagh?" inquired Grisi of her husband's second, on the circumstances of the duel being communicated to her. "Quite *killing*," was the reply of the Frenchman.

"I am not an 'institution,' mamma, am I?" exclaimed our gracious Sovereign, on seeing the sneering epithet of the Times the day after the coronation. "No, my dear," replied the royal Duchess with maternal fondness, "you are a very good girl!"

The "mad Marquis" of Waterford told the magistrates at Marylebone, on being brought up, on Saturday, for drunkenness, that "the best witness he could call would be his horse." What a "horse-laugh," one may suppose, would have been heard, had the animal been within ear-shot of the office. The horse may be much attached to his master, and a good animal in the *mane*, but he must, notwithstanding, have thought the Marquis a sad ass on this occasion.

Two old fools, one seventy, the other eighty, years of age, in one of the departments of France, lately fought a duel with swords, and one of them fell mortally wounded. The age of the combatants may serve to show the antiquity of the practice, though it proves anything but its wisdom. The survivor will, doubtless, go to the devil with the satisfaction of having sent his opponent there before him, though he can hardly be said to have abridged his life to any extent worth speaking of.

Marshal Soult is evidently the lion of the day, and so delighted is he represented to be with the attentions paid him, that he has declared Englishmen and Frenchmen must never again face each other but at the dinner-table.

The Marquis of Blandford has really set about reform. Since his election for Woodstock he has not been muzzy more than twice a-day; and during his lucid intervals he is zealous in looking after the public good. On Wednesday he attended at Marylebone Office to punish a hackney coachman, for presuming to ask him if his *mother knew he was out*?

Trout Fishing.—[To the Editor of Bell's Life in London.]—Sir,—Amongst the numerous scientific amusements of all kinds so much practised and encouraged in England, and in which the high relish is so much stimulated by rival competition and challenge by wager, I have observed that no rivalship has appeared in the scientific display of artificial fly fishing for trout in your paper, since I have had the advantage of perusing its sporting columns for some years back. In order to give a little stir to a sport of such an exquisite science as fly fishing, I have the vanity to imagine I know as much as most of my brother anglers in this very peculiar art, and I now challenge any gentleman in England to a trial of skill in artificial fly fishing, for £100 a-side. If any disposition should be manifested to accept this challenge, the arrangements necessary for the undertaking may be easily concocted hereafter, I am, Sir, your ob'dt serv't, R. Eustace.

Pedestrianism.—Doncaster race course was one scene of animation on Monday last. The first race was between two young men named Simpson and Robinson, the latter backing himself three pounds to two, to run two miles. It was won in the best style by Simpson, who went off at a steady and certain pace, leaving his man the opportunity of bursting himself, which he did in the first mile. Simpson won the match, with half a mile to spare. The next race, a most admirable one, was between two other youths, named Sykes and Rickard, neither of them more than eighteen years of age. It was four miles, for £5, on the same course. It should be observed that those pedestrians had run a match for a similar sum, which was won, in the first instance, by only a yard by Sykes. The present match was made in consequence of the near approach to victory in the first instance, and all the backers were sanguine of success on both sides. Pipes, as Sykes is called (being a pipe-maker), was rather the favorite before the start; but on stripping, it was evident that good blood and stamina were equally evident on the part of Rickard. They went away from the two mile post in first rate style, taking cheek by jowl, mile and mile, and leg for leg together. Thus it was carried on till nearing the Rise of the Red House, when they passed and repassed each other, and the "tug of war" having commenced, the struggle ensued, and elbow and heel was the order of the race. Suffice it to say, such was the manly contest, that the men have agreed to run the ground over for a third time, the last being considered a "dead heat."

The Liverpool dog *Sam* is open to kill 100 to 120 rats against any dog in England, for from £25 to £50 a-side.

Pedestrianism.—On Tuesday a person named John Dicks, a *travelling timber merchant*, undertook, for a small wager, at Hoyland, near Barnsley, to gather 100 stones, a yard apart, in 50 minutes, which task he accomplished, having four minutes to spare; and on Monday he ran from Hoyland to Sheffield old church and back again, a distance of twenty miles, in two hours and fifty minutes.

York Courant.

THE TURF AND ITS UNCERTAINTIES.

There is scarcely a racing meeting of any interest, the result of which does not teach us the absurdity of being too sanguine on any favorite's winning. A horse may run well at one place and ill at another, because at the one the nature of the ground may suit his powers, and at the other the very reverse may be the case. Only look at the wide difference in the courses usually run at Newmarket by colts at three years old, and the Derby course at Epsom, and tell me a greater contrast in any other courses in England, where anything like money is run for. How often have we witnessed the pride of Newmarket, after sweeping into his owner's coffers all the rich stakes at the Craven and First Spring Meetings, over the Abingdon Mile, the Rowley Mile, and the Ditch Mile courses, beaten into fits before he reaches Tattenham corner, by horses proved to be, over the short flat courses at Newmarket, not within ten or a dozen pounds of his speed? It is the hill and the distance which alter the goodly animal! Yet, notwithstanding the notoriety of the Newmarket and other favorites being so frequently sent to the *right about* at Epsom, still there are some gentlemen on whom the most glaring facts are wasted, and almost daily experience lost; they still maintain the even tenor of their way, and are to be found backing the favorite of every Derby, Oaks, or Leger.

Without going so far as Crutch Robinson, and others of the same grade—who are "outrageously prejudiced," as Mr. Crockford would say, against anything called in the betting ring "favorites,"—yet my own experience tells me that racing, more especially among second and third raters, can never be reduced to anything like the certainty which some gentlemen, famous for the excellent "lines" they draw, pretend to bring it to. If we glance at the return lists of the Newmarket Spring Meetings, we shall find many instances of the winner of a race yesterday defeated by a horse to-day, that did not even obtain a place in the yesterday's race—the weights, the course, and, in several instances, the jockies precisely the same. To account for this in-and-out running is scarcely possible; the only certainty is, that there is nothing so ticklish in constitution as the trained running horse. From the moment he is backed to the moment his engagements come off, he is kept in a state of excitement, and a little matter irritates him, and consequently throws days' and even weeks' attention in the back ground.

I will carry the reader back to the St. Leger, 1812, when Mr. Rob's colt Otterington, by Golumpus, won the race, beating twenty-three others, amongst them the celebrated Catton, and flooring the longest odds ever heard offered previous to that day. Otterington had been running at the York races without even getting a place; and I have been told that he ran for the Leger solely that a party might win some bets as to the number that started. Mr. Rob took, for a "lark," as it was said, £1000 to £10, and had the pleasure of seeing his horse win by a short head! The fact was, that the state of the course rendered any true running impossible; and when it is considered that the race occupied upwards of *four minutes* in running, and that it is generally got over in *three minutes and twenty-five seconds*, I need say no more upon Mr. Rob's lucky hit—save that Otterington never showed as a winner afterwards.

The career of Lord Jersey's Riddlesworth in the year 1831, ought to serve as a lesson to the too sanguine backers of favorites. After winning the Riddlesworth (from which race he took his name), the Dinner Stakes, the 2000 guineas, and Newmarket Stakes, in a manner that comparison with any thing of his year would have been deemed "ridiculously absurd," he went to Epsom, was backed *at 6 to 4 to beat twenty-two others*, and got handsomely defeated by a little scratching thing named Spaniel, belonging to Lord Lowther; a horse about whose winning 40 to 1 absolutely went a begging in the betting ring. The running of Spaniel at 2 yrs. old, was of the worst description, and scarcely any one, save Joe Rogers would have kept such an unpromising animal over the winter, or have bestowed pains on so unworthy a public runner. It was a fortunate Derby for the "legs," most of whom had laid it out against Riddlesworth, being tempted by the odds. A young better in Joe Rogers' stable, of the name of Jones, got, I believe, something like £2000 to £25 about Spaniel's winning! Condition—I never saw a horse more fit to run—and the dry weather previous to the day won the Derby for Lord Lowther. The Oaks of that year was also "a pull" to the fielders, for Circassian was nearly as great a favorite as Riddlesworth, and her performances, both at Doncaster and Newmarket, were so good, that the race was booked "over." Here again the hardness of the course from the roads to the dip completely crippled the fair Circassian; and the game Oxygen, a slower, but a stronger mare, carried off the Oaks, beating some longish odds—the betters having put it on against her, from her bad running at Newmarket for the Thousand Guineas Stakes.

Let us now go back to the Leger of 1830, when the Birmingham nag took the *shine* out of the mighty Priam, to the great discomfiture of the Newmarket gentry, and the Chifney party in particular, who thought it a "certainty." The previous and subsequent running of the "hard-ware" nag proved him at least seven pounds inferior to Priam, yet Birmingham won the Leger cleverly, Priam second. There cannot be a doubt that the heavy state of the course was, in this instance, the cause of Priam's defeat; yet why did not his backers take that into consideration before the start, and then they would not have taken 11 to 10 about his cutting down *twenty-seven others*, many of which had strong public claims as winners? It was reported that one noble lord lost upwards of £30,000 by backing Priam and Hassan!

The Leger of 1831 was won by the Duke of Cleveland's Chorister, against whose winning the betting gentry, particularly the southerns, laid odds from 15 to 50 to 1. The fact was, the noble duke was the owner of another horse in the race, named Marcus; and Chifney, under whose care the animal was, booked winning with him to a certainty. As a matter of course it was to be suspected that something like a trial would take place between the two previous to the Leger race; and from the advancement of Marcus on the Monday morning, in the odds, viz. to 9 to 2, and the decline of Chorister to 1000 to 25, it in a great measure satisfied the *would-be knowing ones* that it was all right. Chorister won by a head, and Marcus was beaten at least a hundred yards by the winner! So much for placing dependence upon reported trials in *some* stables.

The Derby, 1832, was carried off by the favorite, St. Giles, whose running previous to the day had been any thing but Derby-like. In calling St. Giles the favorite, I beg leave to observe that it was *only* on the morning of the race that he reached the top of the poll in the odds. It has been roundly asserted that "there were more horses made safe in this race than in any other within the memory of man." Now, without going into any argument on the case, I only have to observe, that Margrave could have won if St. Giles had failed; that Beiram would, in the opinion of many judges of racing, have defeated the whole lot, had he been well; and that Messrs. Gully and Ridsdale won somewhere about seventy-five thousand pounds between them.

The Derby and Oaks of the following year (1833) proved a regular slice of good fortune for the fielders; for Dangerous, winner of the Derby, was fancied only the week before the start, and was then only backed at odds varying from 40 to 50 to 1; and Vespa, winner of the Oaks, was so far from being in estimation with the backers of horses, that I more than once heard 1000 to 15 offered by a sporting Colonel. Glaucus was backed safe to run away with the Derby, and Tarantella was looked upon as certain to win the Oaks. It only remains to be told that neither of the favorites even showed in front, from the start to the finish of the race.

I now come to the year 1834, and here the favorite won the Derby in a style that placed him far, very far above any horse of his age, whether speed, stoutness, shape, or temper, be the consideration. Plenipotentiary's running at Newmarket was brilliant in the extreme, and although divers reports were set into circulation about his having a cough, being lame, and a hundred other things, yet all would not do—he won the Derby. I do not recollect another race that ever brought our crack stables together, all pretty confident of being "*there or thereabouts*." There were the northern sportsmen, having at their head that fine judge of racing, John

Gully, Esq., laying it on heavily on Bubastes ; there was the Chifney party (then very influential), guided by the wary Bland and knowing Halliday, offering to post the ready to any amount that Shillelagh proved the winner ; there was the Jersey party, very sweet on their horse Glencoe, and taking the odds pretty freely ; there was the Peel party (by-the-bye, the safest of *all parties* to follow,) backing their stable through thick and thin ; there was—but enough ! Every owner was sanguine, and this accounts for the Derby of 1834 being the greatest betting race ever known. Messrs. Bland and Halliday backed Shillelagh to win them upwards of £60,000, and Stevens, the fishmonger, stood to win £20,000 the same way : none of these knowing ones hedged a penny of their bets respecting Chifney's winning. This year was an eventful year to the backers of horses. The great Plenipotentiary, after winning all the great stakes in the south, and beating easily most of the best north country horses, could scarcely be supposed to run in at the fag-end of the Leger race at Doncaster, yet such was the case. So much was said at the time, and so many opinions given (scarcely any two of which tallied) that I shall not enter into any thing like an argument, but will relate an anecdote which will go a great way towards proving that the horse was decidedly unfit to run, and that an acute observer might have discovered it :—A gentleman, who, to do him *justice*, is one of the best judges of the powers of a race-horse we have, for two years previous to this race had retired from the turf, and entered into the holy state of matrimony ; the object of his affections making him give her his word that he would never bet again on a horse-race *without her consent*. It happened that this gentleman and his lady paid a visit to Doncaster during the race-week, and on the Tuesday morning of the Leger he thus addressed her : "My dear, should you not like me to give you a thousand guineas to buy you jewels with ?" The lady replied, "Yes ;" he then said, "Nothing *can be easier*, I will win you the sum on this race." "But," said the lady, "are you certain you can't lose ?" "Quite so, my dear ! and I may as well win a couple of thousands for myself." Consent being thus obtained, it only remains to be related that the thousand was won for the lady, together with *three thousand* besides for the gentleman, who backed the field against the favorite Plenipotentiary, entirely from his believing him to be, from his appearance, amiss.

Mundig's Derby (1835) led many of the backers of the favorites on the wrong side of the hedge. The Scotts, as is well known from experience, do not tell the public *their* favorite until close upon the day. In that year Coriolanus was for a long time all the rage, then came Luck's-all, and afterwards Mirabeau, who was followed up by some four or five others—made favorites for this occasion only. All this while 50 to 1 was being quietly taken about Mundig's winning, and on the morning of the race the horse took a prodigious jump in the odds from 20 to 6 to 1, and what is more, he *won by a head*. Scores were "let in," as the term goes, for the scramble that year to "get on," beggars description ; and the backers of Ibrahim, Ascot, and others, were obliged to stand the shot—hedging was out of the question.

I now come to the last year's Derby, a race, corroborative of the uncertainty of horse-racing, and convincing, to the most careless observer, of the folly of standing too heavily on any favorite. Rat-trap had, by his race for the Newmarket Stakes (42 yards short of a mile) raised himself to the front rank in the estimation of the sporting public ; and as he appeared to train well on, and had Robinson, that prince of jockies, to steer him, as little as 7 to 4 was taken about his winning. Here the difference of the course told with wonderful effect, for Phosphorus, who was defeated by Rat-trap in the Newmarket race—never appearing to have a chance from the start to the finish—beat the flying *miler* long before they reached the corner ! Rat-trap's running this year at Newmarket proves what always was asserted of him, that he is a very uncertain runner ; for after winning the Port Stakes, in a common canter, and beating Caravan (who gave 7lbs.) by a neck, he was defeated easily, receiving 10lbs., by The Carpenter, a horse which Caravan, in the First Spring Meeting, had beaten, receiving only 3lb. for his year.

At the Derby just passed, the favorites have again been knocked about like ninepins, to the utter dismay of their too sanguine admirers, and to the great joy and profit of the knowing fielders. Amato, a confirmed outsider, a horse betted against at odds varying from 100 to 1—frequently laid in the winter—to 30 to 1, currently offered at the start, won the 1838 Derby with ease, beating the cracks of Newmarket, Stockbridge, and Malton, out of all conceit. And now a word or two respecting this Amato. In the first place he has as good blood flowing in his veins as any horse in England, whether speed or stoutness be the fancy ; also as nicely a shaped animal as ever was seen, with good sound legs, and an undeniably strong constitution ; moreover, he had a singular advantage over his Derby opponents by being trained at Epsom, consequently every inch of the course was known to him and he required no shaking about in a caravan to convey him to the place of running. Thus was every thing greatly in favor of this son of Velocipede, and as any thing relating to Sir Gilbert Heathcote's horses might be ascertained by asking, I am surprised that the trial which took place a day or two previous to the meeting, was not more generally known ;—Amato, receiving only 14lb. from a good aged trial horse, and giving 10lb. to the Tawney Owl, his own age, beat them in an Eclipse-like style. Yet, with all these advantages staring the betting gentlemen in the face, Amato was still neglected ; and on the Sunday before the race, I heard an old gentleman, one, by-the-bye, who has been considered a sound judge in racing concerns, say, "I like Amato's appearance ; I think him a nice goer ; and if he belonged to any other person than Sir Gilbert, I should back him for a *pony ;* but," added he, "Sir Gilbert Heathcote won't win a Derby in a hundred years :"—so much for prejudice. "Amato is also a *dark* horse," says one who had backed heavily Young Rowton and Bullion, both dark also. Of this one thing I am quite sure, that had Amato been fancied by what is termed a "fashionable' party, the result of his trial would have lifted him from the outside to the foremost rank in the betting—somewhat in the manner in which Cobham sprung.

I will now turn to Cobham, a horse which I spoke highly of three months ago, in the New Sporting Magazine. On the Friday previous to the meeting, Cobham had a trial with Epirus, Albemarle, Bretby, and another ; and so completely took the shine out of the lot, that a gentleman, connected with the Scotts, and who witnessed the trial, exclaimed, "'tis all over but shouting !" The eagerness displayed to back him, on the Monday afternoon before the race, beat every thing of the sort I ever saw or heard of—from 9 to 1 he jumped to 4 to 1, then to 3 to 1 ; and, in the evening, closed at scarcely 5 to 2 ; indeed, at many of the sporting houses, he was backed at 2 to 1 for good sums. What a different effect this trial had upon the minds of the betters, compared to that of Amato !

It now comes to be asked, how was it that Cobham, after such a trial, came to be the first to decline in the struggle ? He certainly looked well to the eye, and galloped in good form ; he got a much better start than his companion Albemarle, and had Bretby to cut out his work ; yet all would not do, the mighty Cobham's chance, ere the ruck of horses reached the turn at the corner, had degenerated from 3 to 1 to any odds named against him. It is so rare for the Scotts to make a mistake in their trials, that their party actually thought something serious had occurred, when they could not perceive the "darling of their hopes" in the front rank, and Albemarle running gallantly. After the race it was stated that William Scott could in no way account for the inferior manner in which Mr. H. Coombe's horse had run ; and I have since been informed that the same horses that ran the trial on the Friday previous, were put together the Friday subsequent, and the result came off as before—Cobham won in a canter.

Lord Jersey's Phœnix was another poser to the "favorite" gentlemen. I do not recollect, during my career on the turf, ever hearing a horse extolled more than this rank imposter was. He was a stone better than Achmet was at his age ; could give the gelding lumps of weight, and was in every respect a second Bay Middleton—only something *better !* Now, to the unprejudiced eye, a moderate judge of racing might have booked him (Crutch Robinson did so) as the safest horse *to lose* amongst the whole twenty-three. He was obviously too fat to run the Derby course, and too high a galloper *to win*, if in ever so good condition. Lord Jersey is fortunate in having his horses backed by the public.

Of John Day's horses, Grey Momus only was fit to run, and he, as a Newmarket jockey observed, was "too fit." The fact is, he was drawn too fine ; or, as Mr. G. facetiously said, "You might draw him through a ring." That Grey Momus is a first rate race horse, I think no one will be hardy enough to deny, but the Derby race proved that speed is not his *forte*—perhaps the Goodwood course for the Drawing-room Stakes will suit him better ; at all events, he will have a better chance, as Amato gives all in the race *eight pounds*. D'Egville *may* be in better favor at Doncaster,—for the Derby he was only backed for small sums by little men.

In my visit to Newmarket in the Spring, I made mention of Col. Peel's Ion, by Cain, out of Margaret ; and pronounced him one of the most promising of the Newmarket lot. His running proves that I was not far out in my judgment of his merits as a racer ; and those who saw him before the start for the Derby, will agree with my previous opinion, "that a better shaped animal than Ion, combining speed with stoutness, rarely strips for a Derby." Ion is, I am informed, to be "bottled up" for the Doncaster St. Leger ; that course, I should think, will suit him better than the Epsom.

Young Rowton, backed, as he had been, by his spirited owner, Mr. George Payne—a gentleman who ought, by this time, to know whether he has a bad horse or a good one—claimed his share of attention, but he was not much fancied by the public generally. What there is in Young Rowton, time will show us ; for my part, I think him too deficient in almost all racing points to ever figure high as a racer.

If I had been a betting man, and felt disposed, as most of them do on the day, to have a "shy" at the long odds to ten or fifteen pounds, I should have selected Mr. Worrall's br. c. Dormouse, for my chance, at something like 1000 to 15, his price on the morning of the race. This colt is as nice a turned horse as I ever beheld, and appeared "fit to start for a man's life," as the saying is. Joe Rogers always contrives to get his horses fit for Epsom. Dormouse ran a very good race, under the disadvantage of having a bad start, and was about fifth at the finish. I have no doubt this horse will see a better day.

The Early Bird's chance, as might easily have been seen, was quite out, when beholding him in the Warren. His legs had been awfully knocked about, and the hardness of the course was sadly against him. It is true I heard many inquiries in the ring, as to "How much to ten pounds against The Early Bird ?" &c., but these were only hedging bets, and "what is the use of getting the best of a bet unless you hedge ?" says Mr. Cauty.

The only other horse I shall mention is Bullion—poor Bullion ! the pride of the Gloucestershire gentlemen, and the hope of Isaac Day, what a wretched figure he cut at Epsom ! From what transpired at Tattersalls on the Monday week before the race, I was inclined to think this horse would be there or thereabouts ; but as the day approached, and a slight whisper got abroad of the Grey's having been tried with a country horse, Bullion was at a discount in the market ; and, from the running he made in the Derby, he had far better have been at Northleach. It may be noticed here, that Bullion was the only Emilius colt in the last Derby.

The start, with the exception of three or four horses, was, in my opinion, not amiss. It is next to impossible to start all upon equal terms ; and the only regret I feel about the race is, that Chifney did not go, or rather—for he did start—that he pulled up. There were three false starts ; at the second Grey Momus had an excellent lead. It was the "quickest thing" of the sort I ever saw.—Amato had won before they had reached the roads, as was clearly seen by Chapple's posture. Ion had made the rest safe before they got to the distance, and was at least five lengths before the Grey at the finish. Putting aside the winner and Ion, the race was beautifully contested—seven being quite close together : Grey Momus, Albemarle, Tom, Dormouse, Conservator, Drum Major, and Chemist.

Amongst the one hundred and thirty odd nominations, the prize could not have been gained by a more popular or straightforward gentleman than Sir Gilbert Heathcote ; and the many hearty congratulations offered to him, and the shouts of joy that burst from the immense multitude upon his being declared the winner, must have been truly gratifying to the worthy Baronet's feelings.

London, June 11, 1838. UNCLE TOBY.

London (New) Sporting Magazine for July, 1838.

PIGEON SHOOTING.

To the Editor of the Bengal Sporting and General Magazine.

Sir,—Another season's Pigeon Shooting having passed, I am now able to lay before your readers the result of the

DIHLEE CITY PIGEON CLUB, FOR 1837.

Twenty-one yards from the trap. Bounds, seventy yards.

Names.	*Killed.*	*Missed.*	*Total*	*Handicap, or the number each individual would miss in a match at 10 birds*
Captain Brown......	410	67	477	1 4-10
Major Pew..........	197	157	354	4 4-10
E. Wilmot, Esq.....	195	210	405	5 2-10
Maraj Hindoo Rao..	148	183	331	5 6-10
P. Trench, Esq.....	225	160	385	4 2-10
A. Dewar, Esq......	85	79	164	4 8-10
E. Brown, Esq......	108	159	267	6
Captain Troup......	72	101	173	6
C. Gubbins, Esq.....	17	18	35	5 1-10
M. Gubbins, Esq....	50	10	40	2 5-10
Strangers and Visitors not present at three meetings....	92	127	219	6
Total........	1579	1271	2850	4 5-10

As this is the last notice of the kind I shall have it in my power to offer for publication in Maga, I take this opportunity of summing up all the meetings which have been made public, by *Pilgrim* and myself, in your pages, and beg to draw the attention of gunners to the fact, that the average of a number of sportsmens' shooting, fairly recorded, should so nearly coincide.

GENERAL SUMMARY OF INDIAN PIGEON SHOOTING.

Trap, twenty-one yards—Bounds, one hundred yards.

Place of Meeting	*Season*	*Shooters*	*Killed*	*Missed*	*Total.*	*Handicap of the season's shooting at ten birds missing.*
Suharunpoor....	1834	17	1362	1041	2403	4 3-10
Suharunpoor....	1835	22	1866	1360	3226	4 2-10
Meeruth........	1835	10	591	433	1024	4 2-10
Suharunpoor....	1836	18	1409	966	2375	4 1-10
Meeruth........	1836	7	222	171	393	4 3-10
Dilhee City.....	1837	22	1579	1271	2850	4 5-10
Total.....	....	96	7029	5242	12271	4 3-10

Any person may at once tell whether he is a good or a bad shot at pigeons, according as he finds himself to kill and miss with reference to the average of the table, which, being deduced from upwards of 12,000 shots, fired by nearly 100 different individuals in different years, cannot be very far from the general run of most men's shooting.

I have just one word more to add, in case any one should be curious to know ; the pigeons flown from the trap cost about six rupees per hundred, which is just the price of one dozen at the Red House, at Battersea, taking the rupee as worth two shillings. Your obedient servant, GUNGA.

September, 1837. Bengal Sporting Magazine.

A LAMENT FOR A COFFEE POT.*

To the Editor of the Bengal Sporting and General Magazine.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Wandering one day through cantonments at Barrackpore, a certain longing for *brandy pawnee* took such a hold of my imagination that I couldn't resist walking into a neighboring bungalow ; on my entrance into which the dismal howlings and wailings which met my ear recalled forcibly to my remembrance the wake of old Judy Brallagan, which memorable event took place at Knockeronghutty, county Mayo, on the 14th February, 1825.

Fortunately, however, I found the needful liquids on the table, and while occupied in their mixture and discussion, I managed to gather the following deeply interesting and pathetic monody :—

Air—"Why did he die ?"

Arrah ! why did you die, my own *Coffee Pot ?*
Your promise to win all the races forgot ;
You had grass, you had grain, and oats in galore,
Then why did you die, *Coffee Pot*, my asthore ?

Arrah ! why did you die till we'd leathered them all,
From *Magnet* the great, to *Pirate* the small ?
The strength of your limb, the length of your stride,
Such poor little craturs could easily hide.

Oh ! 'twas marcy in you, my own *Coffee Pot*,
One sight of whose strength would have fiddled the lot ;
Thin pace to your bones, my darling asthore,
And thanks you have left me with one clipper more.

This can be nothing, thinks I, but the outbreak of the spirit of a sentimental bogtrotter, bemoaning the untimely death of a favorite "coult," so it's high time I make myself scarce, or maybe I may experience some of the gentle "leatherin" he seems to dwell upon so forcibly. So accordingly I cut my lucky, not displeased, however, to have retained in my cranium matter enough to cause a laugh in old Maga's pages. Ever yours, sincerely, ALWAYS A DRY.

Ib.

---

* "*Coffee Pot*" was the name of a celebrated horse on the East India turf.

RIDING EXTRAORDINARY.—COMPARISON BETWEEN THE "SQUIRE OF BOMBAY" AND MR. OSBALDESTON.—A correspondent of the *Gazette* (15th Jan.) furnishes the following account of an extraordinary feat of riding performed by one of the first sporting characters in India, Mr. G. Simpson, the Sheriff for 1838, euphoniously named the "Squire of Bombay." The feat performed by Osbaldeston, of riding 200 miles in eight hours forty-two minutes, is well known. Our Squire of Bombay has, in my opinion, exceeded it. Our Squire's engagement was to ride 200 miles in twenty-four hours ; number of horses unlimited. Twenty untrained nags, few of them good for any thing, were got together. Osbaldeston had twenty-eight horses, the finest in England, and lambskinned-cover saddles, with other luxuries, whilst our Squire had but four common saddles ; the one mounted fifty times, the other at least seventy-three times, none of his horses going more than three-mile heats ; then our Squire was untrained, though hard as a board But to the match. The Squire mounted at four o'clock on the morning of the 6th January, at dark, and at the commencement met with a severe accident, in consequence of mistaking his bearing and coming in collision with a post, which caused him and his *tat* to throw an ugly somerset, at the end of which he found himself standing on his head ; the fall was so severe, that his hunting-cap was split in several places. By twenty-three minutes past nine, A.M., 102½ miles were accomplished, when our friend rested for half an hour, and then resumed. At ten minutes past one, having then forty-five miles to accomplish, he was backed (bet taken) to complete his labours in twelve hours. Doubts were expressed of his success ; even the Squire himself, at one time, was downhearted ; but Richard soon became "himself again," mounted horse, and speedily completed his match in eleven hours and thirty-two minutes ; accomplishing the last forty-five miles in two hours twenty minutes, at the rate of nineteen and a quarter miles per hour, including stoppages. Osbaldeston's rate, allowing for stoppages, was twenty-six miles per hour ; our Squire's actual pace throughout, allowing him *thirty minutes* for mounting and dismounting *seventy-three times*, was twenty miles per hour. I am happy that, after a hot bath, our friend was enabled to receive the congratulations of his friends at a dinner party in the evening.—Yours, NED. (7th Jan)—The only effort approaching the above (remarks the *Gazette*) that we have heard of (in India) was at some race-course in the Mofussil, where, some years ago, a distance of 150 miles was accomplished (allowing stoppages) at the rate of seventeen miles an hour, with well-trained horses. Parbury's Oriental Herald.

PROPOSALS FOR A STUD.

It appears to be universally admitted that the English race horse, and with him almost every breed of light cattle in England, requires renovating, not only in their powers of endurance, but in the feet and legs ; and the opinion is equally extended that to the original or Eastern stock we must alone look for the desired improvement ; yet from the want of racing properties in the immediate descendants of Arab horses imported into England, no one there is willing to give the blood a fair trial, or risk the chance of not breeding even a moderate racer, rather than confer a general benefit on the whole class of race horses. To the partiality of Indians alone must we look for that trial which the more calculating sportsmen of the mother country deny our little favorites ; and I am uncertain were the scheme undertaken zealously by a few influential sportsmen, the trial, and probably, full success would be accomplished. To do the thing, and not do it well, and on a sufficiently extensive scale, would be worse than useless. My idea of the requisite is at least twenty mares, (thoroughbred, of course) ; these should be purchased young (from four to six years old), and, if possible, in foal to horses of repute, in order to know if they bred winners from native sires. I should wish also to have a first rate Arab from each of the three presidencies, to change alternately, and thus have more chance of success, from the well known fact, that mares will breed racers from one sire, which will produce hacks, or perhaps nothing, from another. The first cost of the mares, I should suppose, would average about £100 each, and for the first three years, during which there would be little or no income, the expense of such a stud would fall little short of £500 a year. Then the sale of the first produce from the English cattle, and probably the greater number of the original mares, would come to our assistance ; and the annual sale of the colts bred from the Arabs, would also tend to lighten the expense. The fillies should be covered by the best horses of the day, and their produce end the experiment which would thus be completed in eight years, when the second generation would have appeared on the turf, and the whole should be sold off to racing men under a guarantee of at least training and trying them. I know not the exact expense of a suitable farm for such an experiment in England ; but in Ireland, and in the neighborhood of the Currah (the Newmarket of the sister Isle), a good upland farm of 100 acres could be had for 40 shillings per acre, which, for the first seven years, would be more than sufficient to feed all the stock Servants would, however, be necessary : a groom, perhaps, at £50 per annum, and a couple of common laborers to clear stables, mend fences, &c., who would not cost above 25. Oats, too, both for the old and *young* stock, would be required ; altogether I do not think we could expect to expend less than 20,000 rupees in the first instance, and 500 a year for three years afterwards. To raise this sum among the sportsmen alone of the three presidencies, should not be a very difficult task ; but I should hope there are many men both in India and England who would contribute a trifle towards the effectual development of such an experiment ; a small percentage on all public money given for races would also, I think, be a legitimate source on which to calculate ; a man winning a 40 gm. prize might be expected willingly to contribute a couple for such an object : however, it is yet too soon to attempt detail ; I would now merely wish to elicit the opinion of my brethren of the turf on the expediency and probable result of such an experiment, and the likelihood of our raising the necessary funds. I think the Court of Directors might safely be calculated on for a moderate sum in aid, or at all events purchasing a few of our colts, if of proper size and shape, at liberal prices. Mr. Editor,

I beg to subscribe myself yours, very truly,

ENCREASE AND MULTIPLY.

To raise the necessary funds, I would propose something in the shape of joint stock, on which, however, as a means of future wealth, I would not advise subscribers to calculate very strongly, although the production of a single good colt or filly would enable the establishment to more than pay its own expense. One hundred shares, at 400 rupees each, would pay the first cost, and at least two years' expenditure ; but as that might be supposed too much for any but a person strongly convinced of the utility and feasibilty of the plan, I would solicit lesser donations from all who might be inclined to contribute in any—the smallest proportion. Bengal Sporting Magazine.

JOE BLACKBURN'S CORONATION SCENES.

Yankee HILL, now in London, sent us a pretty good account of the Coronation, and of matters and things in general, but JOE BLACKBURN, the American Equestrian, has written to a friend a still more graphic description. We find it in the Baltimore Sun :—

LONDON, July 18, 1838.

DEAR PARENTS,—It is not quite a month since I wrote last, but having an opportunity of sending this by a friend, who leaves here in the *Great Western*, which starts the 21st inst., I thought I would write, to let you know that myself, as well as my friend North, are well, and much pleased with our trip. We made our appearance at Astley's Amphitheatre two weeks since in the Vaulting. North, as the American champion, vaulting against Mr. Price, the champion of all Europe, having two spring boards in the ring at once, and two parties, American and English, with the colors of each country on the heads of their horses ; myself playing clown to the American party. You may well imagine my feelings the first night, as well as North ; I must say I was frightened dreadfully, not for myself, but for North. I thought he would be so excited that he might get beat ; but the trial came, and such a brilliant audience I never had the honor of making a bow to before ; nearly two thirds ladies ; even the four or five front seats in the pit were filled entirely with ladies. Nearly all the foreign ambassadors were in front, also Taglioni, the great dancer. Great excitement prevailed. When the finish of the vaulting came, the Champion of England (Price) went on to do his row of somersets, and only threw *twenty*. Then came the applause : they were certain North could not beat it, but the little Yankee went on and beat him scandalously, doing *thirty-three*. Such a shout I never heard—I thought the house would come down. If I ever felt well it was just about that time. We have played twelve nights, and have been beat only one—so you see Uncle Sam is ably represented, for we have truly astonished the natives. North rides next week, and they will be more astonished then, for they have no rider to compete with him in this country ; and I think I can beat any of them *playing clown*. I have seen eight clowns already, and none of them are passable. We have not as yet come to any final arrangement with Ducrow for the season, as we only engaged three weeks to show them what we could do. I cannot tell yet whether we shall stop here or not, as we have had letters from two managers, Mr. Cook, at Hull, Yorkshire, and Ryan at Halifax. We shall go where we can do best, for salaries are rather low in this country. Ducrow's best rider only gets £6 per week, and Price, the vaulter, gets the same ; a number of other performers get from £1 5s. to £2. He gives North and myself twelve guineas per week ; if we can get a benefit with it, it will do very well. So much for our success ; and now I must tell you what I have seen.

First of all is the Coronation of the Queen Victoria.—Thursday, June 28th, cannons commenced firing and bells ringing at 3 A. M. ; everybody appeared to be on the move ; I could not sleep for the uproar, so got up, had breakfast, and started to get a sight. The people were coming from all directions, on foot, and in every kind of vehicle, from a stage coach to a dog cart ; it appeared as if all God's creation were endeavoring to get to one spot. After crossing Waterloo bridge, we found it difficult to make any head way for a mile ; but after struggling and elbowing a good deal, we got near to Charing Cross, where the procession was to pass. Such a dense mass of human beings I never saw before ; thousands on thousands of persons in the streets almost got squeezed to death. I would have given £50 to have got out, but it was impossible. Sometimes the mass would move and carry me completely off my feet for twenty or thirty yards. The house tops were covered, also whole fronts of the houses for miles, where galleries had been erected. Single seats sold for from one to five pounds. The way was cleared with much difficulty by the police and mounted Life Guards. The procession came in sight—first, the band and squadron of mounted Household troops ; then the Ambassadors Extraordinary, in splendid coaches ; the most beautiful was that of Marshal Soult, the French Ambassador, who was cheered enthusiastically by the multitude while passing ; next came the different Ministers, in gorgeous coaches, with the exception of the American Minister's, Mr. Stevenson, which was quite plain ; next came the Royal family, in coaches : the Duke of Sussex, Prince George of Cambridge, &c., followed by the Staff Officers on horseback ; Duke of Wellington, Lord Hill, &c., next to her Majesty's household, in twelve carriages, each drawn by six bay horses. Last, was the State Coach, containing Queen Victoria. This was a magnificent affair, drawn by eight of the most beautiful cream-colored horses I ever saw ; the coach appeared covered with gold ; the harness was mounted with gold and jewels. When she passed, the air rang with shouts, which made the ground shake again. The procession was about an hour in passing. Such a sight I never expect to see again. We elbowed our way out of the crowd, and made our way to Hyde Park to witness the fair, which was the largest ever in England ; something like 6 or 700 booths of all descriptions—circus, theatres, taverns, menageries, giants, and dwarfs. Here the crowd was immense, and all kinds of sport going on, swings, round-about, flying horses, donkey riding, target shooting, sack racing, catching pigs, with their tails shaved and greased. Such fun I never saw before ; it was supposed there were three hundred thousand persons on the ground at one time. We got out of the crowd, took a cab and drove home about 3 P. M. Our part of the town was completely deserted, with the exception of the line of carriages which extended from Westminster bridge up the different roads as far as the Elephant and Castle—if they were in one continued line, they would extend ten miles. At 10 P. M. we started to see the illumination of the streets, as crowded as they were during the day, with persons on foot, carts, waggons, carriages, and almost every kind of conveyance people could hire. Sometimes the way was so much blocked up, you could not get backward or forward. The houses were splendidly illuminated with gas and variegated lamps, in all kinds of devices, crowns, festoons, stars, &c. The Club houses, Crockford's, &c., were the most magnificent, being entirely covered with lights, having the appearance of temples of fire. We made our way three miles through the crowd to Hyde Park, the fair still going on with the same vigor, and more people than during the day; we had to work an hour to get a pot of porter. A grand display of fireworks took place, which was beyond anything I had ever seen in that way; it is said to have cost £3000. We left at three in the morning, the shows still going on. Old Clark, the manager of one of the circuses, told us he had given thirty-two exhibitions during the day. We had a nice walk home by daylight, pretty well tired out. So much for Coronation day.

Now for sight No. 2.—Monday, July 9th.—Went to Hyde Park to witness the grand review of the troops by the Queen. After a good deal of trouble obtained a standing place on a table for two shillings, (in all crowds like this the poor people run with their chairs, to be let for from one penny to a crown.) More than two hundred thousand persons were supposed to be on the ground as spectators. The troops were drawn up in line on our arrival. Shortly afterwards the Queen arrived in an open carriage; her attendants followed in three splendid coaches, they followed by 200 officers of distinction on horseback, in splendid uniforms. The most conspicuous were Marshal Soult, Duke de Nemours, Lord Wellington, Lord Hill, &c. After the Queen passed the length of the line, the troops commenced manœuvering; the artillery were fine, also the cavalry, which amounted to about 5000 men: the Oxford Blues, Life Guards, 10th Hussars, and some others; 3000 were on jet black horses, the rest bays; this was a noble sight when charging in a body; the infantry firing was splendid—20,000 men firing together, and appeared as one crash. It was over at 3 P. M., and I got out of the crowd with some difficulty, well satisfied that this was the best sight I had seen yet. So much for the Grand Review, and now for sight No. 3.

July 10.—Took a wherry at Westminster Bridge, rowed down the Thames, and visited the Tower, paid one shilling for admittance, bought a catalogue book, and one shilling to the beef-eater or conductor. First room, ancient armory, the kings of England and knights on horseback, with the armor and identical arms they wore at that time; this was very interesting, something like 30 figures as large as life, also different arms used from the time of William the Conqueror to the present day. Next room, Queen Elizabeth's armory, a great number of ancient weapons, instruments of torture, the axe which Charles I., Sir Walter Raleigh, Sally Jane Grey, and some others were beheaded with; next, the small armory, a room 345 feet in length, containing 270,000 stand of arms; this was a beautiful sight; the walls were embellished with different devices, formed with swords, pistols, bayonets, &c., forming pillars, stars, wreaths, &c. The heavy armory was also very interesting—cannon of every description, from the first made in England to the present day, also many pieces taken in different battles. We paid 2s. more to see the Crown jewels; this I could give no idea of, only I think it is a pity they should be there. I should be perfectly satisfied with one diamond from the crown, out of the hundreds it contains: it is worth £112,000, about half a million of dollars. We were next shown the room where the Duke of Clarence was drowned in the butt of malmsey, also where Richard III. had the princes smothered, besides many other little things quite interesting. On coming home, saw the great Nassau balloon go up with nine persons; this was a grand affair. These are the principal things I have seen since my last. JOE BLACKBURN.

P.S. The trial of skill between North and Price has drawn the largest houses during the season, and created a great deal of excitement. There is pretty heavy betting all over the house every night. North got great applause when he done 41, and got a medal from Ducrow.

A STRANGE ANIMAL.

We cannot undertake to say how much of hoax there is in the subjoined story, but it is a pretty fair specimen of the marvellous, and will entertain some of our readers, perhaps, as much as a political essay, or a new "Indian fight" from Florida. We copy from the Montrose (Pa.) Spectator:—

Something like a year ago, there was considerable talk about a strange animal said to have been seen in the south-western part of Bridgewater. Although the individual who described the animal persisted in declaring that he had seen it, and was at first considerably frightened at it, the story was heard and looked upon more as food for the marvellous than as having any foundation in fact. He represented the animal as we have it through a third person, as having the appearance of a child seven or eight years old, though somewhat slimmer, and covered entire with hair. He saw it, while picking berries, walking towards him erect, and whistling like a person. After recovering from his fright, he is said to have pursued it, but it ran off with such speed, whistling as it went, that he could not catch it. He said it ran "like the devil," and continued to call it after that name.

The same or a similar looking animal was seen in Silver Lake township, about two years since, by a boy some sixteen years old. We had the story from the father of the boy, in his absence, and afterward from the boy himself. The boy was sent to work in the back woods near the New York State line. He took with him a gun, and was told by his father to shoot anything he might see except persons or cattle. After working a while he heard some person, a little brother as he supposed, coming towards him, whistling quite merrily. It came within a few rods of him and stopped.

He said it looked like a human being, covered with black hair, about the size of his brother, who was six or seven years old. His gun was some little distance off, and he was very much frightened. He got his gun, however, and shot at the animal, but trembled so that he could not hold it still. The strange animal, just as the gun "went off," stepped behind a tree, and then ran away, whistling as before. The father said the boy came home very much frightened, and that a number of times during the afternoon, when thinking about the animal he had seen, he would, to use his father's words, "burst out a crying."

Making due allowance for frights and consequent exaggeration, an animal of singular appearance has doubtless been seen. What it is, or whence it came, is of course yet a mystery. From the description, if an ourang outang were known to be in the country, we might think this to be it. As no such animal is known, (without vouching for the correctness of the story,) we shall leave the reader to conjecture or guess for himself what it is. For the sake of a name, however, we will call the "strange animal" *The Whistling Wild Boy of the Woods*. Why is not this story as good as that copied into the Volunteer of week before last, relative to the Wild Boy of Indiana? We acknowledge that the story has excited somewhat our propensity for the marvellous, and we give it, as much as any thing, to gratify the same propensity in others.

ACTORS.—Those who are in any measure acquainted with the members of the theatrical profession, will acknowledge the correctness of the following remark in relation to them by a writer in the July number of the London Metropolitan:—

There is something to me very agreeable in the conversation of players. They are generally, even in the lowest ranks, acute and knowing observers—well versed in the moral statistics of town and country—admirable in hitting off little traits of character, and imparting a lively dramatic interest to their observations. Their profession compels them *to read*—and to read Shakspeare, as well as the light wit of our comedies. This supplies them with an abundant stock of ideas, as well as language, for criticism and quotation, and it must be confessed they are seldom sparing of either. Then there are many eccentric characters on the stage, old performers, known to the whole fraternity, whose *bon mots* and peculiarities form a circulating medium of never-failing talk. The player, too, is generally above the frown or censure of *the world*, meaning thereby the inhabitants of any given town. He is a bird of passage—a "chartered libertine," absolved, like the Grub Street authors of a former age, from the ordinary rules and restraints of society. He flings himself into the current of conversation, careless where it may carry him, whether out of plummet depth or into shoals and shallows. Generally it gives a force and piquancy to the player's fireside dialogues. If you believe them, they are all sons of great men—all Hamlets and Richards—not a single Rosencrantz or Guildenstern. Even Kean, in his early days, when he "dwelt carelessly among men," used to astonish the rustics by stating that he was a natural son of the Duke of Sussex. But the whole life of a player seems to be an "unreal mockery." The lights and shades of truth and fiction meet and mingle in his composition. To the sober business of the world he is almost a stranger. The scene is constantly shifting—now rolling in plenty and profusion, now steeped in poverty to the lips—one day hissed or neglected, and another day caressed and applauded to the very echo. What wonder that his character should sometimes take the motley hue of his existence, and baffle all the calculations of the moralist? I speak only of the wandering actor: the stage is adorned by many estimable and not a few great men, whose learning and talents dignify a profession that even in its lower grades is still intellectual. Pity, that even the most obscure of those who minister to our delight should too often find life but an "unsubstantial pageant," fading into premature age, sickness, and poverty!

The long-talked of marriage of the Count St. Leu
With Mademoiselle Strozzi, has, they say, fallen thro'.

The above is true, if it is not poetry. The *slump* was occasioned in this wise: Every thing was going on swimmingly—the contract was drawn up and ready to be signed. The Count, after taking the pen to affix his signature, on running his eye over the document to see that all was right, to his astonishment espied a clause by which it was provided that in case the lady should not live with him, she should receive for her maintenance the annual sum of four thousand crowns. He instantly arrived at the very wise conclusion that if provision was already made for a separation, there could be no use to think of an alliance, and at once broke off the negotiation. Boston Transcript.

The London Court Journal says, that Mr. Sully's portrait of the Queen has been exhibited to a numerous and distinguished body of visitors. The Journal is in the main good authority in the Fine Arts, and therefore the following splendid compliment to Mr. Sully's abilities comes with positive force:—

"As a likeness it is esteemed the most admirable as yet painted; as a work of art it reminds us in the execution more of Sir Thomas Lawrence than any of our modern painters."

JEALOUSY AND REVENGE.

The following occurrence has recently excited much interest in Vienna:—

"A young gentleman, M. L. Baron de H——, a lieutenant of Hussars, of high family and connexions, had become desperately enamoured of the *femme de chambre* of his mother. She was a young Sicilian, very beautiful, and well educated. He employed every means in his power to induce her to become his mistress; but, not succeeding in this attempt, he at length offered her his hand and fortune. She still remained inexorable, and would listen to none of his proposals, believing him not to be sincere in his professions of love. He solemnly swore that he would never break his marriage vow, and, producing a poniard, declared that he would plunge it into his heart rather than be unfaithful to his wife. The vehemence of his declaration touched the heart of Eliza (such was her name) and she consented to become his wife.

"The marriage took place in February, with every possible outward demonstration of rejoicing, and the relatives of M. de H——, although not approving of the marriage, did every thing to celebrate the event with *eclat*. In the beginning of May the officer followed his regiment to Milan. His wife, who remained at Vienna, took means to have all his movements watched, and she soon learned that he had formed a connexion with a young widow, the Marquise de L——, and from that moment she resolved upon a deadly revenge. In the rage of her jealousy she at first determined to go to Milan for the purpose. She was contemplating this step when her husband unexpectedly returned to Vienna with despatches. The instant he entered the house, maddened with rage and frantic with excited feelings of jealousy, she flew at him like a tiger, and plunged the fatal dagger by which he had sworn into his body. The husband fell weltering in his blood, and was taken to the hospital, where he is recovering. The unhappy wife was given over to justice, and is at present resigned to her situation, but not regretting her crime. London paper.

SAM SLICK.—A correspondent of the New York Gazette, who seems to speak from personal knowledge, says, that the author of "*Sam Slick*," a half-breed "Jack Downing" book, is not Judge Halliburton, Chief Justice of Nova Scotia, but Thomas Halliburton, of Anapolis, (N. S.) District Judge, "a person of infinite humor." The authorship is no doubt rightly attributed by the correspondent of the Gazette, and the author is certainly entitled to the credit of being a man of infinite humor. But no person north of the Hudson, would ever suspect Sam Slick of being a *genuine* Yankee. Every page proves that he is but poorly acquainted with the language and its dialects. Boston Transcript.

BALLOON RACE.—The New York papers announce a challenge from Mr. Edge, of New Jersey, to Lauriat for a balloon race. Lauriat is ready no doubt, and if Edge is in earnest he has only to write M. L.—at Lynn—pay the postage, and specify the terms, which should be explicit, as regards time and place—altitude and distance, &c. &c. *We* reckon he will find a customer.

LETTERS FOR TEXAS.—Extract of a letter from New Orleans: "All letters and papers for Texas should be postpaid, and addressed to the care of Samuel Ricker, Jr., Agent of the Texan Post Office Department, New Orleans, by whom they will be forwarded on the 1st and 15th of every month. If not postpaid they will not be forwarded."

"WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE!"—This noble song, from the pen of our worthy townsman, General Morris, after going the rounds of the English newspaper press, has been translated into the French, German, Spanish, and Italian languages. But few poetical effusions from this side of the Atlantic have enjoyed such an enviable popularity in Europe. Evening Star.

This "tree" appears not to be indigenous to our soil, but flourishes as well abroad as at home.

LOUISVILLE (Ky.) FALL RACES,

WILL commence over the Oakland Course, either on the First or Second Tuesday in October next. Due notice will be given, however. During the meeting, the following Sweepstakes will come off:—

1. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $500 each, $100 ft., Two mile heats Closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Geo. Sanders names b. c. Occident, by Bertrand, out of Diamond.
2. J. R. Ward names b. f. by Bertrand, out of Black-eyed Susan.
3. Willa Viley names b. c. by Bertrand, out of Maria.
4. M. W. Dickey names b. c. by Sir Archy Jr., out of Maria Howe.
5. J. K. Duke names ch. f. by Medoc, out of Cherry Elliott.
6. Wm. Buford names ch. f. by Medoc, out of Peggy Stewart.
7. R. B. Tarlton names gr. c. by Woodpecker, out of Ophelia.
8. J. Bradley names f. Lady Slipper, by Dungannon, out of Jenny Jenkins.
9. Oakland Association names f. Maid of Oakland, by Oakland, out of Kitty White.
10. S. Burbridge names R. B. Tarlton's c. by Singleton, out of Fan.
11. Geo. W. Tarlton names c. Sir Charles, by Collier, dam by Doublehead.
12. L. Sanders, Jr., names ch. c. Acoranont, by Collier, out of Old Crop.
13. S. Davenport names ch. f. by Frank, dam by Kosciusko.
14. J. Shy names c. Darby Allen, by Collier, out of Lady Jackson.
15. J. W. Fenwick names ch. f. Lady Bertrand, by Bertrand.

2. Sweepstakes for 3 year old fillies, sub. $100 each, h. ft. Mile heats. Closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. F. Kerr names b. f. Josephine, by Waxy, dam by Cumberland.
2. Geo. N. Sanders names b. f. Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand, out of Budget of Fun.
3. M. R. Tarlton names Robt. Mosby's b. f. by Woodpecker, dam by Whip.
4. G. S. Jones not named.
5. M. Thompson names b. f. by Columbus, out of Rickety by Sir Archy.
6. S. Burbridge names ch. f. Eliza Henry, by Contract, out of Kitty Whip.
7. J. W. Fenwick names Willina Herndon, by Woodpecker, dam by Whipster.
8. Thos. G. Moore names br. f. Fanny Lightfoot, by Lafayette Stockholder, out of Beautiful by Sumpter.

3. A Stallion Stake for 3 year olds; sub. $200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats. Four subs. and closed.

William Buford, Jr., names the get of Medoc.
M. R. Tarlton " " Woodpecker.
T. G. Moore " " Sparrowhawk.
Y. N. Oliver " " Waxy.

4. A Post Stake for 1838, 1839, and 1840, for 3 year olds; sub. $100 each, h. ft. The Association to give a Silver Plate, value $500. The 2d best horse to receive $100 of the Stake. Two mile heats. Eighteen subs. and closed.

1. G. N. Sanders
2. G. N. Sanders
3. S. Burbridge
4. S. Burbridge
5. Mason Thompson
6. Benjamin Luckett
7. M. R. Tarlton
8. F. R. Robinson
9. Jas. L. Brady
10. R. Pindell
11. Wm. Buford, Jr.
12. M. W. Dickey
13. J. K. Duke
14. Robt. Burbridge
15. J. W. Fenwick
16. J. R. Grigsby
17. Thos. G. Moore
18. Wm. Wynn.

5. Sweepstakes for 2 year olds; sub. $100, h. ft. One mile. To name and close 4th July 1838. Now 4 subs.

Geo. R. Blackburn | Wm. Buford, Jr | E. M. Waggener | M. W. Dickey.

PURSES.

For Four mile heats, Jockey Club Purse - -	$1200
Three mile heats, Proprietor's " - -	700
Two mile heats, Oakland Plate, value - -	500

Y. N. OLIVER, *Proprietor*.

☞ THE NEW ORLEANS JOCKEY CLUB RACES, over the Eclipse Course, will commence the first Tuesday in December next. Y. N. OLIVER, *Proprietor*.

Louisville, June 25, 1838. [J7]

CULPEPER C. H. (Va.) FALL RACES,

WILL commence on the Third Monday, 17th day of September next, and continue five days.

First Day—Match, $1000 a side, 100lbs on each., Three mile heats, between
John P. White's gr. g. *Dandy*, by Medley, dam by Sir Charles, aged.
James Hansbrough's b. h. *Klapper*, by Mason's Rattler, dam by Walnut.

Second Day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $100, h. ft., Two mile heats; 3 or more to make a race.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $100, h. ft. Two mile heats; 3 or more to make a race.

The above stakes are to close on the 15th of August next. A sufficient number of entries have already been made to insure a race. Any entry named before the 15th Aug. can be changed up to that day.

Third Day—J. C. Purse $300, ent. $20.

Fourth Day—Proprietor's Purse $150, ent. $10, Two mile heats.

Same day—Handicap Sweepstakes, for all ages; sub. $25 each. One mile. To close the evening preceding the race.

Fifth Day—Purse ——, with the gate money of the day added; ent. $20 or $30; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds raised in Culpeper, or some adjoining county, or next to an adjoining county; sub. 50 bushels of wheat, to be delivered in some country mill in one of the counties in which colts may be entered, ft. $25. If the winner should prefer it, the proprietor will give him at the races $1 per bushel for the wheat of any responsible miller put up as the entrance.

[J7-t22s.] WILLIAM DUVAL, *Proprietor*.

GREENSBORO' (Ala.) J. C. FALL RACES.

THE RACES will commence over the *Henry Course*, on the last Tuesday, 30th Oct., and continue five days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds; sub. $300, h. ft. Two mile heats. To name and close by the 1st of October next. Now one subscriber, and several more are daily expected.

Second day—Proprietor's Purse $300, ent. $20, free for all ages; Two mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $800, ent. $50; Four mile heats.

Fourth day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds; sub. $200, h. ft. Mile heats. To name and close by 1st Oct. next.

Same day—Post Stake for all ages (weight for age); sub. $200, P.P. Two mile heats. Now two subs.

Fifth day—Purse $300, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

THE FOLLOWING SWEEPSTAKES are now open, to be run Springs 1839, 1841, 1842, and Fall 1842:—

1. Sweepstakes to be run Spring 1839, for colts and fillies then 3 years old; sub. $500, ft. $[illegible]00. Mile heats. To name and close by 1st Feb. next.

Wm. H. Leland. | Albert Jackson.

2. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring 183[illegible], to run Spring 184[illegible]; sub. $300, h. ft. To name and close 1st Jan. next. Now five subs

3. Produce Stake for colts and fillies dropped Spring 1839, to run Spring 1842; sub. $500 h. ft. Mile heats.—The same colts are to run the following Fall, sub. $500, h. ft. Two mile heats.

H. A. Tayloe names produce of Howa and Mingo.
John Nichols names produce of Columbia Taylor and Wild Bill.
A. Jackson names produce of Black Sophia and Stockholder.
Daniel Gray names produce of Black Polly and Stockholder.

TAYLOE, BRANCH & BEVERLEY, *Proprietors*

Greensboro', Ala., July 18, 1838.—[A4]

LANCASTER JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THESE Races will commence on the [illegible]d Tuesday, 11th Sept., and continue four days;—free for all horses complying with the Rules of the Club.

First day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5, Purse - -	$100
Second day—Two mile heats, - - - - - - -	200
Third day—Three mile heats - - - - - -	400
Fourth day—Four mile heats - - - - - -	600

By order of the Jockey Club. [Jy28-7t]

CENTRAL COURSE, PALMYRA, MISSOURI.

THE FALL RACES over the Missouri Central Course will commence on the 25th September next.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts, untried; sub. $100 each, ft. $25. To close 1st Sept. Now 3 subs.

Second day—Purse $150, ent. $15. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Third day—Purse $250, ent $25, Two mile heats.

Fourth day—Purse $400, ent. $40, Three mile heats.

In all cases three or more horses to make a race, and the entrance not added to the Purse. By order of the Club. THOMAS W. LANE. *President*.

[Jy28] S BUCKNER. *Sec'y pro. tem.*

STALLIONS FOR SALE.

IN CONSEQUENCE of having so large a number of Stallions upon his Stock Farm, as to render it inconvenient to give them proper attention, the subscriber will dispose of four at less than their actual value, viz.:—

JOSHUA, by Gohanna, dam by Eclipse Herod, grandam by Imp. Bedford. He is 7 yrs. old, 15½ hands high—a blood bay without white.

GOLDBOY, by Industry, dam by Ogle's Oscar, (Margaret Armistead's dam). He is 7 yrs. old, 16 hands high.

BROKER, by Sussex, dam by Telegraph, grandam by Hickory, g. g. dam Old Maid of the Oaks. Dark bay, nearly 16 hands.

DANIEL STAR, by Star, dam by Peacemaker. Five yrs. old. Bay, nearly 16 hands.

The four are young, and all fine dark bays without white, except Goldboy, who is marked very like his sire; they are put up strong, and are second to none in action and appearance. I will sell either or all of them on time. They are all in training for the ensuing Fall Races. Their pedigrees are generally well known, but will be given in full if desired. Letters will have prompt attention, if addressed to

[Jy28-2m] T. R. S. BOYCE, Ellicott's Mills, Md.

SWEEPSTAKES.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open, to be run over the Norfolk and Portsmouth Course, Fall meeting of 1838 The time of holding the meeting will be fixed so as not to conflict with the Petersburg, Richmond, or Broad Rock meetings.

1. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds; sub. $300, ft. $100; Two mile heats. Four or more to make a race.

2. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds; sub. $150, ft. $100; Mile heats. Four or more to make a race.

The above stakes will close on the 1st Sept next. Nominations to be addressed to the Proprietor, at Portsmouth, Va. [Jy2[illegible]] E. J. WILSON, *Proprietor*.

BEACON COURSE.

THE FOLLOWING SWEEPSTAKES will be run over the above course on Tuesday, 18th Sept. next.

Sweepstakes, free for all trotting horses; sub. $500 each, h. ft., with $200 added by the Proprietors. Two mile heats in Harness. Three or more to make a race.

The FIRST FALL MEETING will commence on Wednesday, 26th Sept. [Jy14]

MOBILE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE FALL MEETING of 1838 will commence, over the Bascombe Course, on Tuesday, the 27th November, and continue five days.

First Day—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds Spring of 1838, sub $250, ft. $100, Dash of one mile; to name and close 1st Aug.; 4 or more to make a race.

Messrs. Nott & Fearn. | Col. Vance Johnston.
Col. Jas. S. Garrison. | Mr. David Stephenson.

Second Day—J. C. Purse, Two mile heats.............	$500	Free for all ages.
Third Day—J. C. Purse, Three mile heats............	700	
Fourth Day—J. C. Purse, Four mile heats............	1000	
Fifth Day—J. C. Purse, Mile heats, best 3 in 5........	300	

Sables and litter furnished gratis by the Proprietor. Five per cent. entrance to the Purses—free for all horses complying with the Rules of the Club.

F. K. WEST, *Sec'y*.

P. S. Entries to the Sweepstakes must be made in writing, addressed to the Secretary.

[apl21] F. K. W.

CARROLLTON (Ky.) FALL RACES.

THE Fall Meeting of 1838 will commence, over the Carrollton Course, on Monday, Sept. 3d, and continue five days.

First Day—Match, $100 a-side, h. ft., One mile, between Mr. Carracoe's ch. h. *Charley* and Mr. Seymour's *Ellen Ross*.

Second Day—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds; sub. $25 each, h. ft. Mile heats. Closed with 4 subs.

H. Vaughan names ch. c. Tom Smith, by Lance, dam by Botts' Lafayette.
E. S. Revill names b. f. Oxidento, by Bertrand, out of Diamond by Florizel.
G. E. Blackburn names Amanda Zureman, by Medoc, dam by Sir Archy.
Thos. Moore names b. c. by Sir Charles, dam by Camsil.

Third Day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds; sub. $30 each, h. ft. Mile heats. Four subs. and closed.

H. Vaughan names ch. f. by Lance, dam by Sir Archy.
G. E. Blackburn names gr. f. Arilla, by Lance, dam by Bertrand.
Thos. Moore names b. f. by Bertrand, out of Budget of Fun by Kassina.
Stephen T. Drane names bl. f. by Mark Anthony, dam by Botts' Lafayette.

Same Day—J. C. Purse $——, Mile heats.
Fourth Day—J. C. Purse $——, Two mile heats.
Fifth Day—J. C. Purse $——, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
Sixth Day—J. C. Purse $——, Three mile heats.
Free for all ages.

The amount of the Purses is not yet ascertained, but will be liberal.

[Jy7-9t] HIRAM SENOURS, *Secretary*.

FOR SALE,

THE CLUB BOAT DISOWNED, 39 feet long, well found with oars, &c. She was built by Seaman, of Jersey City, and won the great $2000 race last season, beating the Gen. Washington, of Poughkeepsie. Price $350. Application to be made to Capt. C. Cole, South Ferry, N. Y. [J2]

TO ALL WHO KEEP HORSES.

JUST received, a large supply of WADE'S WORM and CONDITION POWDERS, fo horses, a medicine well known in England and France, where it has stood the test of experience, and certificates granted by the first veterinary surgeons, recommending all who keep horses particularly to use the powders at this season of the year, in order to promote the animals condition. These powders destroy the worms, loosens the hide, fines the coat, so as to do away the necessity of bleeding, renders the food more nutritive, prevents the animal taking cold after exposure to heat, and are at all times a great restorotive after a hard day's work. They require no restraint in either labor or feeding, and require little trouble in giving, as it is simply throwing the fourth part of the powder into the horse's feed a night.

Agent for New York, J. H. HART, corner of Broadway and Chambers-street, and J. G. Howard, corner of Hicks and Fulton-streets, Brooklyn. [At26]

TO ANGLERS.

JOHN CONROY, 52 FULTON-STREET, has just received from England an excellen assortment of Silk and Hair Lines; Patent Silk Lines of various colors; Multiplying Reels, Trout Flies, Trout and Pike Trolling Tackle, Cork and Quill Floats, Fly Books, Tackle Cases, Limerick and Kirby Hooks, &c. &c. &c.

Fly Fishers are invited to call and examine a beautiful article of American FLY RODS, of my own manufacture.

Trolling, Perch, and Bass Rods, always on hand, or made to order.

Conroy's improved Bass Reels for casting. Conroy's Reels, with, or without Balance Cranks. Brass Folding Net Rings, with jointed handles, and also the ordinary Rings made by myself. Shrimp and Crab Nets, Fish Cars, &c. &c. &c.

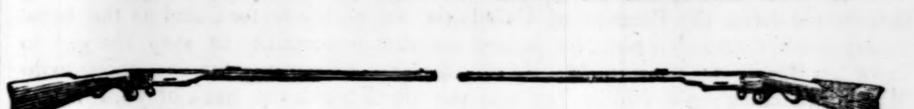
A good assortment of TACKLE always on hand, and any article in the line made to order at 52 Fulton-street, N. Y. [m31] J. CONROY.

PATENT ARMS MANUFACTURING Co.

No. 155

BROAD-WAY NEW-YORK,

COLT'S PATENT.



THE ABOVE COMPANY have now on hand, and offer for sale, the following Repeating Arms:—

RIFLES, for eight charges—with equipments complete.
PISTOLS of different sizes, for five charges—do. do.

The Equipments consist of Charger, Extra Receiver, Bullet Mould, Cap-Primer, Cleaning Rod, Lever, Belt, &c., all of which are put up in mahogany cases.

Cap Primers for Sporting Guns, of new and perfect construction.

☞ *Dealers* supplied on the most liberal terms.

Orders will receive immediate attention, if directed to the subscriber,

[J23] C. B. ZABRISKIE, Sale Agent, 155 Broadway, N. Y.

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 52 Chatham-st, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama, Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [d17

CHEAP MUSIC.

ATWILL'S MUSIC SALOON, 201 BROADWAY, New-York,—where may always be obtained a large and valuable assortment of music, musical instruments, and musical merchandise of every variety, and of the first quality.

New and fashionable music, also standard publications of old and valuable music, gamots, and instruction books, church music, and music for the flute, &c.

Music bound in superior style, with spring backs.

The subscriber respectfully informs the public, that having made arrangements with the manufacturer, he will be constantly supplied with PIANO FORTES of every description, which, for superiority of touch, richness of tone, and elegance of workmanship, are not surpassed by any in the country.

Great attention will be given to orders for Piano Forte tunings, both as regards the manner of tuning, and the punctuality of executing orders.

The stock of music merchandise is very extensive, embracing every article appertaining to music, both of European and American manufacture. [m5]

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

AUGUSTA, Ga. - - - - -	Lafayette Course, Jockey Club Fall meeting, Tuesday, 11th Dec.
" "	Match, $10 000 a-side, 2 miles, *Target* vs. *Volney* Fall meeting.
BATESVILLE, Arks. - -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 11th Sept.
CAMDEN, N. J. - - - -	Opposite Philadelphia, J. C. Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, 23d Oct.
" "	Match, $5000 a-side, 2 m. h., *Langford* vs. *Willis*, Fall meeting.
COLUMBUS, Ga. - - - -	Western Course, Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 9th Oct.
CHARLESTOWN, Va. -	Jefferson County Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 16th Oct.
CINCINNATI, Ohio. - -	First Jockey Club Fall meeting, last Tuesday, 25th Sept.
CULPEPER C. H., Va. -	Jockey Club Fall meeting 3d Monday, 17th Sept.
" " "	Match, $1000 aside, 3 m. heats, *Dandy* vs *Klapper*, Monday, Sept. 17.
CROSS KEYS, Va. - - -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 18th Sept.
DANVILLE, Va. - - - -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, 25th Sept
DRESDEN Tenn. - - - -	Social Course, Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 11th Sept.
FORT SMITH, Arks. - -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 4th Wednesday, 24th Oct.
FREDERICK CITY, Md. -	Annual Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday. 4th Sept.
GREENSBORO', Ala. - -	Henry Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 5th Tuesday, 30th Oct.
HUNTING PARK. Pa. - -	Philadelphia Co., Racing and Trotting meeting. Tuesday, 25th Sept.
INDEPENDENCE, Mo. -	Match, $500 aside, 2 m h., *Beck* vs *Rufus King*, Thursday, 11th Oct.
" "	Match, $500 aside, M. h., *Capt. Bustard* vs. *Jim Crow*, Friday, Oct. 12.
JEFFERSON CITY, Mo.-	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 4th Wednesday, 26th Sept.
JEFFERSON CO., Miss.	Jefferson Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 3d Wednesday, 21st Nov.
LANCASTER, Pa. - - -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 11th Sept.
LEXINGTON, Ky. - - - -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 2d Oct.
" "	Match, $1000 aside, 2 m. h., Get of *Bertrand* vs. Get of *Medoc*, 2d Oct.
" "	Match, $2000 a-side, 2 m heats, *Hawk eye* vs. *Betsey Baker*, 2d Oct.
LOUISVILLE, Ky. - - -	Oakland Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 1st or 2d Tuesday in Oct.
LYNCHBURG, Va. - - - -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Wednesday, 12th Sept.
MAYSVILLE, Ky. - - -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 18th Sept.
MARION, Mo. - - - - -	Sweepstakes, (continuing three days), 1st Wednesday, 3d Oct.
MOBILE, Ala. - - - - -	Bascombe Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, 27th Nov.
MILLEDGEVILLE, Ga. -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 13th Nov.
MONTREAL, L C. - - -	St. Pierre Course, 5th Tuesday, 28th Aug.
MOUNT STERLING Ky.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Thursday, 13th Sept.
NASHVILLE, Tenn. - -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, last Tuesday, 28th Aug.
NEWPORT, Ky - - - -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Wednesday, 19th Sept.
NEW IBERIA, La. - - -	Quarter race, $1000 a-side, *Brilliant* vs. *Brooks*, 13th Oct.
NEW ORLEANS, La. - -	Metarie Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 2d Wednesday, 12th Dec.
" " "	Eclipse Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 4th Dec.
NEW YORK CITY. - -	Union Course, L. I., J. C. First Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 2d Oct.
" " "	Beacon Course, Hoboken, N. J., First Fall meeting, 2d week in Oct.
" " "	" " *Athletic Exercises*. 1st Wednesday, 5th Sept.
" " "	" " *Trotting Sweepstakes*, 3d Tuesday, 18th Sept.
" " "	" " First Fall *Trotting* meeting, 4th Wednesday, Sept 26.
NOTTOWAY, Va. - - - -	Bellefonte Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 18th Sept.
OLYMPIAN SPRINGS, Ky.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 4th Thursday, 27th Sept.
OPELOUSAS, La. - - - -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Thursday, 8th Nov.
PALMYRA, Mo. - - - -	Central Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, 25th Sept.
PETERSBURG, Tenn. -	Fall meeting, 2d Thursday, 13th Sept.
QUEBEC, L. C. - - - -	Annual Autumn Meeting, 1st Monday, 3d Sept.
RIDGEVILLE, Md. - - -	Annual Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 21st Aug.
ST. LOUIS, Mo. - - - -	Sulphur Spring Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 1st Monday, 1st Oct.
" " "	Prairie Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 4th Monday, 24th Sept.
ST. MATTHEWS, S.C. -	Jockey Club Annual meeting, 2d Wednesday in January next.
SOUTHAMPTON, Va. - -	Cross Keys Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 18th Sept.
TRENTON, N. J. - - - -	Eagle Course, Fall meeting, the week after Camden, N. J.
TALLAHASSEE, Flo. - -	Marion Course, J. C. Annual meeting, 2d Wednesday in Jan.
THREE RIVERS, L. C. -	Annual Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 11th Sept.
TUSCALOOSA, Ala. - -	Mount Airy Course, Fall meeting, 1st Monday, 3d Dec.
WASHINGTON CITY. -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 2d Oct.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country May have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES. For a great number of RACING, TROTTING, PEDESTRIAN, AQUATIC SHOOTING, and other MATCHES and CHALLENGES, at home and abroad, see previous numbers

MUNICIPAL COURT.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.—It is unquestionably a good thing to send convicts to the State Prison; for if it were otherwise, it is not to be supposed that our law-givers would command it to be done, or our Courts do it: but we have no doubt that those respectable classes of culprits, styled "second" and "third-comers," sincerely feel that it is one of those good things which there may easily be too much of; and eight of them, who were brought up yesterday for additional terms, openly and distinctly declared themselves to be of this reasonable and natural way of thinking.

John Clement's peccadilloes were quite miscellaneous. He was first sent to the State Prison for setting fire to a pile of staves out of malicious mischief, and by that means caused the burning of a cooper's shop, against the owner of which he cherished some enmity. The second time he was sent on two indictments, growing out of one evening's doings. The first was for the crime of adultery with Mrs. Sarah Flowers, wife of one —— Flowers. Not content with robbing Mr. Flowers of his wife, he also stole four shirts, and this piece of double-distilled knavery constituted the subject of the second indictment; yet he was of opinion that he ought not to be re-sentenced, as a "second comer," because it was his candid opinion that he was not fairly convicted on two of the indictments; and he addressed the Court as follows:—

"Please your honor, Mr. Judge Thacher, hadn't everything ought to stand to reason, like! And do you suppose that I would go for to set fire, when I couldn't get out of the way of it. You see I have but one leg, because the other was shot off on board of the Constitution, during the engagement with the Java. You see then it was another man that set that fire, and as he had two legs to my one, he got off, and they caught me. This all stands to reason, doesn't it, your honor? So, as to my having any wrong conduct with Mrs. Flowers—the fact was I met her quite intoxicated—very much in liquor, you may say; and I thought it but an act of pity to see her home, and I did. There was nobody at home and she wasn't fit to be left alone, and I staid to take care of her, and perhaps I staid a little too long, considering as how she was a married woman. But I thought I was doing good, but it turned out to be nothing but evil to me, and it's always so in this world; and the more good one does, the worse one gets sarved. As to the shirts, I aint quite so sure how that was. I recollect having 'em, but it seems to me that I could never have been guilty of stealing on 'em, and somebody must have put 'em among my things to get me into trouble. I thought I would state these things, because I don't want to stay any longer in prison than I can help, you know. I draw a small pension from the United States for my lost leg, and that's running on all the time; and you can't suppose that I am so mean as to want to be shut up, just that I may have a good heap of pension money laid up. I never cared much about laying up a great deal of money, and I actually assure you that I would rather live outside, and pay my own board, if my pension is a small one."

This unrivalled specimen of natural eloquence had much more effect on the risibles of the audience, than on the judgment of the Court. An officer of the prison now testified that Clements had not been a very ruly member of the establishment.

Clements replied that "he had never offended, but in the matter of talking; and as his tongue was made for that purpose, it was very difficult to keep it from going into operation when a fellow prisoner asked him a question. Prisoners, too, were reported, even if they breathed too loud." The judge retorted—"Well, Clements, that should teach you to take heed to your ways," and then put on one year extra.

Boston Post.

When old Isaac Sparks was Lord Chief Justice Joker of Ireland—so much was he sought after, that he seldom reached his lodging till four or five in the morning—at which hou-, an honest North Briton, who had the apartments over Isaac's head, generally rose to practice on the violin, and Somnus, being an avowed enemy to all discordant sounds, but those from his own trumpet, the nose, generally fled the scene, and left poor Isaac listening to the screeching catgut. The big joker feeling his rest disturbed, was determined to do or say something that should drive the Phœbus of Caledonia out of the house; and as the same spider brusher attended both, he seized the first opportunity to stop the girl to know her business—"Arrah, Mr. Sparks, d'y'see, I am going for something to do Master Macsloughlin's fiddle; but may the devil break the neck of your friend Katty, if I have'n't lost the name of it."—"Oh," cried the wag, "I suppose you are going for some rose-in" (giving in the Scotch dialect).—"Och, by the hand of my body," rejoined the nymph without shoes, "but you are right."—"Poh," replied Momus, "that fellow is aiwaps endeavoring to shew his scholarship; that is Latin, child, and the devil a shopkeeper in the street would understand it. I'il write it down for you in plain English."—"Arrah, do Mr. Sparks, bless your sweet face, and I'll take it kindly."—The facetious Isaac immediately wrote on a card—"Let the bearer have a penny worth of stick brimstone." The mandate was obeyed, and the red-limbed wench returned incontinently to Mr. Macsloughlin—Upon presenting the yellow remedy, Sawney started in amazement, and exclaimed, "Dom your saul, ye beetch, what have you brought me here?"—"Och, bodderation!" cried the strap of Ierne, "there's no such a thing as pleasing you by night or by day. I'm sure 'tis the thing you want, for Master Sparks (long life to him) wrote it down for me in black and white."—"Did he?" cried the scarlet-faced cousin of Orpheus, "then by Saint Ondrew, Mr. Sparks, ye shall answer it"—the reddening minstrel descended instantaneously, and found Sparks—"Sir," said he, "ye mun desprove what this cheeld has been telling; I sent her for rose-in for my feedle, and we your ane hond ordered brimstone."—"I did," said Sparks, with the utmost indifference, "and I always thought brimstone the best rosin in the world for a Scotch fiddle."

NO GO.—The Picayune relates, with becoming gravity, that as a train of cars was passing through a noighboring village, a black boy was riding on horseback near the track. When the engine came up, the horse stumbled and threw the boy on the middle of the track—and the whole train passed over him without injuring him in the least. He jumped up, scratched his head, and exclaimed, "You can't kill dis nigger no how, Master Ingine."

MAGNETIC.—Three young ladies, with rich, ripe and mellow lips, have been magnetised within a week, so that they would hold still to be kissed.

Philadelphia paper.

We hardly believe that the girls were so fast asleep but that they knew well enough what they were about. Young ladies are not in the habit of being kissed often in this manner without being wide awake. They never like to lose the chance.

Picayune.

$1000 IN PURSES, WILL BE GIVEN FOR FOOT RACING, And other Athletic Exercises, on the Beacon Course, Hoboken, N.J.

Within one mile of the City of New York.

THE MEETING for the above Purses will commence on Wednesday, 5th September, and continue two days.

FIRST DAY—WEDNESDAY.

A purse of $500 for a Foot Race, Three mile heats; $25 to the 2d best; 30 minutes allowed between heats.

Same Day—A purse of $50 for the greatest distance Walked in one hour. $10 of the money to the 2d best.

Same Day—A purse of $25 for the Highest Leap over a Bar, (to Stand and Leap).

Same Day—A purse of $25 for Running two hundred yards. $5 of the money to the 2d best.

SECOND DAY—THURSDAY.

A Purse of $250 for Running Two Miles; $15 of the purse to the 2d best.

Same Day—A purse of $25 for the farthest three Jumps, (to Stand and Jump.) $5 to the 2d best.

Same Day—A purse of $40 for Running a quarter of a mile. $10 of the money to the 2d best.

Same Day—A purse of $25 for the farthest Pitch of a Bar, (weight of bar, 30lb., and 4 ft. long,) $5 to the 2d best.

Same Day—A Purse of $10 for the farthest Throw of a Sledge, (weight of the sledge, 13lbs.)

Same Day—To close the performance, a purse of $50 for a Bag or Sack Race, to Run or Jump, as may best suit the parties.

☞ Entries for the purses of $500 and $250 must be made on or before the Saturday previous to the race—all other entries close at 4 o'clock the day before the races. Entrance 2½ per cent on the amount of the Purses entered for.

Entries to be made with Mr. SLOAT, at the Course, where all information respecting the Racing will be given. There must be two or more to enter and contend to entitle the Winner to the money.

The Bar, Sledge, and the Bag (or Sack) for practicing, will be furnished at the course.

All difficulties to be decided by the Judges of the day.

The above purses are free for all to enter, except Mr. HENRY STANNARD, who will not be allowed to enter for any but the two large purses.

Two more Meetings for Foot Racing and other Athletic Exercises will be given on the above Course, during the months of October and November, which will make it an object to train and prepare.

Persons from a distance wishing to train on this Course, can be accommodated with board on the course at 20s. per week.

☞ Should either day be stormy, the racing will be adjourned until the next fair day, and notice of the same will be given, by raising a White Flag from the Course, which can be seen from the city.

C. S. BROWNING,
[A18] One of the Proprietors of the Beacon Course.

UNION COURSE, LONG ISLAND, N. Y.

THE FIRST FALL MEETING of 1838 over this course, will commence as usual on the first Tuesday in October next, and continue four days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $300, ft. $100. Two mile heats. Closed with six subs., viz:—

1. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Celeste and Eclipse.
2. W. Livingston names produce of Medora and Eclipse.
3. Also, produce of Jemima and Eclipse.
4. Wm. Jones names produce of Dove and Roman.
5. R. F. Stockton names produce of Charlotte Pace and Eclipse.
6. Wm. Gibbons names gr. c. *Avalanche*, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by First Consul.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $200, ft. $50. Two mile heats. Four subs and closed, viz:—

1. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Betsey Ransom and Eclipse.
2. Also, produce of Meg Dodds and Eclipse.
3. J. C. Stevens names produce of Janette and Eclipse.
4. A L. Botts names produce of Lady Jackson and Henry.

Same day—A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $150, ft. 50, Mile heats. To close on the 10th Sept. next. To this stake several gentlemen have promised entries.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

Same day—Purse $100, Mile heats, free for all ages.

Third day—Proprietor's Purse $300, Two mile heats.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $200, ft. $75; Two mile heats. To close on the 10th Sept. next. Now several subs.

Fourth day—Proprietors' Purse $500, Three mile heats.

Same day—A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $300, ft. $100; Two mile heats. Closed with five subs., viz:

1. H. Wilkes names produce of Saluda and Eclipse.
2. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Celeste and Eclipse.
3. Also, produce of Polly Hopkins and Eclipse.
4. J. C. Stevens names produce of Goliah's dam and Eclipse.
5. J. H. Vanmater names produce of Helen Mar and Eclipse.

Gentlemen wishing to subscribe to either stake not yet closed, will please forward their entries without delay. The latter one of the two promises to have many subscribers, as a number of colts in the vicinity of the Island, now disengaged, are in training.

Stakes of all sizes, and proper distances, to be run over this course, are constantly open on the *Secretary's Book*. Gentlemen wishing to enter are respectfully requested to communicate with the Secretary, and they will be particularly attended to without delay.

The races over the Beacon Course, opposite the city of New York, will come off the week following the Union. Particulars in time.

Persons wishing to rent Stands on the Union Course, for purposes of refreshment only, are requested to call on either of the proprietors without delay.

A. L. BOTTS.
New York, Aug. 16, 1838. [A18] D. H. BRANCH.

HUNTING PARK COURSE—PHILADELPHIA COUNTY.

THE following Premiums and Sweepstakes are to come off over the above course on the 4th Tuesday, 25th Sept., commencing each day at 12 o'clock.

First day—Purse $100, Mile heats, best 3 in 5, free for all running horses.

Same day—A weepstakes for 3 year old colts, sub. $100, h. ft., and $100 added. Mile heats. Three or more to make a race. To close 17th Sept. next.

Same day—Sweepstakes, free for all trotting horses that never won over $50, sub. $50, h. ft. with $50 added. Two mile heats, under the Saddle. Three or more to make a trot.

Second day—Purse $300, Two mile heats, free for all running horses.

Same day—Sweepstakes, free for all trotting horses, sub. $250, h. ft., with $100 added. Two mile heats under the Saddle. Three or more to make a trot.

Third day—Purse $400, Three mile heats, free for all running horses.

Same day—Sweepstakes, free for all trotting horses, sub. $250, h. ft., and $100 added. Two mile heats in Harness. Three or more to make a trot.

Fourth day—Purse $200, Mile heats, best 3 in 5. Free for all running horses.

Same day—Sweepstakes for trotting horses, sub. $250, h. ft., with $100 added. Three mile heats under the Saddle. Three or more to make a trot.

The Running to be governed by Camden Rules. The Trotting to be governed by the old Rules of this Course.

All entries to be made at the Course, enclosed, by 6 o'clock the day previous to each day's race or trot

The Trotting Sweepstakes to close on or before the 17th Sept. next

Philadelphia, Aug 13, 1838. [A18] JAMES BROWN, *Proprietor*.

SWEEPSTAKES—BEACON COURSE.

THE FIRST FALL MEETING over this Course, at Hoboken, N. J., opposite the city of New York, will take place the second week in October, being the week succeeding the meeting on the Union Course.

The following Sweepstakes for the first meeting over this course are now open:

1. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $300, ft. $100; Two mile heats. To close on the 25th Sept. next
2. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $200, ft. $50; Two mile heats. To close on the 25th Sept. next
3. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds; sub. $100, P. P. Mile heats. To close 25th Sept. next.

[A18] ALEX. L. BOTTS, *Sec'y*.

St. LOUIS (Mo.) FALL RACES.

THE Fall Races over the St. Louis Course, will commence on Monday, 24th Sept., and continue six days.

First day—Mule Race—Purse $50, with the entrance money ($25) added. Mile heats. No distance.

Second day—Purse $150, ent. $15; Mile heats.
Third day—Purse $200, ent. $20, Two Mile heats.
Fourth day—Purse $300, ent. $30; Three mile heats.
Fifth day—Purse $500, ent. $50; Four mile heats.
Sixth day—Purse $150, ent. $15; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Free for any horse, mare, or gelding in the U. States.

[A18] BENJAMIN AMES, *Proprietor*.

STATE OF NEW YORK.

SECRETARY'S OFFICE, Albany, July 16, 1838.

SIR—I hereby give you notice that at the next general election of this State, to be held on the 5th, 6th, and 7th days of November next, a Governor and Lieutenant Governor are to be elected.

I hereby give you notice that a Senator is to be chosen in the First Senate District, in the place of Coe S. Downing, whose term of office will expire on the last day of December next.

JOHN A. DIX, Secretary of State.

To the Sheriff of the City and County of New York.

N.B The inspectors of election in the several wards in your city and county, will give notice of the election of four representatives to Congress from the Third Congressional District.—They will also give notice of the election of Members of Assembly, and for filling any vacancies in county offices which may exist.

The above is a true copy of the notification received from the Secretary of State.

JACOB ACKER, Sheriff of the city and county of New York.

Sheriff's Office, July 28, 1838.

All the public newspapers in the county will publish the above once in each week until the election, and immediately after send their bills to the Sheriff's office. [A18–t3N]

MAYSVILLE (Ky.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES

WILL commence on the third Tuesday, 18th Sept., when the following purses will be run for, viz:

First day—Proprietor's Purse $200, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Same day—A Post Sweepstake for 3 year olds, sub. $100, Two mile heats; to close the day previous to the race.

Second day—A Service of Silver Plate, value $400, the winner to receive the Plate or the money at his option. Two mile heats.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats; to name and close the day previous to the race.

Third day—Proprietor's Purse $500, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $800, Four mile heats.

Maysville, *July* 26, 1838. [A11] Y. N. OLIVER, Proprietor.

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

THE following list includes some capital Blood Stock, fashionably bred and uniting many popular crosses. Among them is an own sister to John Bascombe, a magnificent brood mare, of fine size and in high form. She has produced three splendid fillies, any of which would be a valuable acquisition to the breeder or turfite. It is very rare to find such stock in market. They will be sold to close a concern, and are offered on time if well secured. If not sold previously, they will be disposed of to the highest bidder at the Fall Races of 1838, at Huntsville, Ala.

BROOD MARE.

No. 1. *Lady Huntsville*, gr. m., (own sister to John Bascombe), bred by John Connally in 1830, got by Bertrand, out of Grey Goose by Pacolet, grandam Sally Sneed by Imp. Buzzard, g. g dam Jane Hunt by Wade Hampton's Paragon, g. g. g. dam Old Slamerkin, owned by Daniel Hunt, of New Jersey.

TWO-YEAR OLDS.

No. 2. Chesnut filly, bred by John Blevins in 1836; got by Wild Bill out of Lady Huntsville.

No. 3. Bay colt, (own brother to Linwood), got by Wild Bill, out of Feliciana by Old Pacolet, grandam by Imp. Diomed.

No. 4. Chesnut colt, got by Wild Bill, out of Mulatto Girl (own sister to Little Red) by Bertrand

No. 5. Bay filly, got by Wild Bill, out of Pop by Crusher.

No. 6. Chesnut filly, got by Wild Bill, out of Benchleg by Archie.

YEARLING FILLIES.

No. 7. Brown filly by Imp. Consol, out of Lady Huntsville.

No. 8. Bay filly by Wild Bill, out of Mulatto Girl by Bertrand, &c

No. 9. Chesnut filly, foal of 1838; got by Imp Glencoe, out of Lady Huntsville.

☞ Lady Huntsville is now in foal to Imp Consol.

JOHN BLEVINS.
Huntsville, Ala., July 24, 1838 [A11–4t] JOHN KINKLE.

RACING AND BREEDING STUD FOR SALE.

HAVING determined to quit the Turf, I will sell at moderate prices, and on liberal credits, my entire stock of Blood Horses, consisting of the following Racers, Brood Mares, and Colts:—

HORSES IN TRAINING.

Dosoris, ch. h., 5 yrs., by Henry, out of Miss Walton, Goliah's dam.
Fordham, ch c., 3 yrs., by Eclipse, out of Janette, own sister to Sir Charles.
Zela, ro. f., 3 yrs., by Eclipse, out of the dam of Goliah, Dosoris, etc.
Miracle, ch c., 3 yrs., by Henry, out of Lady Jackson by Eclipse.
The four named above are now in training on Long Island.
African, bl. h., 5 yrs., by Imp. Valentine, out of Ethelinda by Marshal Bertrand.
Bonny Black, bl. m., 5 yrs., by Imp. Valentine, out of Helen Mar by Rattler.
Ethiopia, bl. f., 4 yrs., by Dashall, out of Lady Morgan's dam, by Imp. Expedition.
The three above are now in training by Mr. Isaac Van Leer, at St. Louis, Missouri.

COLTS AND FILLIES.

Terrific, b. c., 2 yrs., by Gohanna, out of Black Maria, own sister to Shark.
Equinox, ch. c., 2 yrs., by Gohanna, out of Janette, own sister to Sir Charles.
Despair, ch c., 2 yrs., by Henry, out of Lady Jackson by Eclipse.
Florence, ch. f., 1 yr., by Henry, out of Floranthe, own sister to Goliah and Dosoris.
——— ch. c., 2 yrs., by Henry, out of Remp.

BROOD MARES.

Janette, ch. m., 16 yrs., own sister to Sir Charles (by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen) and dam of Fordham, with a colt foal at her foot by Imp. Trustee; stinted to Monmouth Eclipse.

Cora, ch. m., 6 yrs., own sister to Medoc, (by Eclipse, dam by Imp. Expedition—Maid of the Oaks by Imp. Shark.) Stinted to Imp. Glencoe.

Clara Howard, b. m., 6 yrs., by Imp. Barefoot, out of Imp. Alarm by Thunderbolt. She has a foal at her foot, I believe, though I am not certain. She is stinted to Imp. Leviathan.

Fanti, ch. m., 5 yrs., by Henry, out of Janette (Fordham's dam), with a filly foal at her foot, by Imp. Trustee, and stinted to Imp. Trustee.

New York, Aug. 1, 1838.—[A4–tf] JOHN C. STEVENS, 14 Barclay-St.

CENTREVILLE TROTTING COURSE, L. I.

THE following Sweepstakes are offered to come off over the above course the first part of October next.

1. Sweepstakes free for all trotting horses; sub $200 each, h. ft., with $100 added by the Proprietor; Two mile heats under the Saddle. Three or more to make a race.

2. Sweepstakes free for all trotting horses that never won a purse over $50; sub. $50, h. ft., with $50 added by the Proprietor; Two mile heats under the Saddle. Three or more to make a race.

3. Sweepstakes free for all trotting horses that never won a purse over $50; sub. $50, h. ft., with $50 added by the Proprietor; Two mile heats in harness. Three or more to make a race.

4. Sweepstakes free for all trotting horses that never trotted for money; sub. $50, h. ft., with $50 added by the Proprietor; Two mile heats under the Saddle. Three or more to make a race.

5. Sweepstakes free for all trotting horses that never won a purse over $100. Sub. $50, h. ft., with $50 added by the Proprietor. Two mile heats in Harness. Three or more to make a race.

6. Sweepstakes free for all trotting horses; sub. $200, h. ft., and $100 added by the Proprietor. Two mile heats in Harness. Three or more to make a race.

All the above stakes will close on Monday, the 10th of Sept.

Entries to be made at Randel Smith's Hotel, No. 31 Park Row, on or before the 10th Sept. next, by 9 o'clock in the evening, when the entries will be opened.

If only one horse starts, he shall not be entitled to the money added.

Centreville, L. I., Aug. 3, 1838.—[A4] JOEL CONKLIN, *Proprietor*.

SWEEPSTAKES, MULBERRY COURSE, Va.

THE following Stakes are now open to come off over the *Mulberry Course*, Fredericksburg, Va., during the ensuing Fall meeting:—

1. Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts and fillies; sub. $200, h. ft. Two mile heats. To name and close 1st Sept.

2. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds that never won a race; sub $150, ft $100. Mile heats. To name and close 1st Sept.

The above Stakes will be well filled. Gentlemen wishing to make entries, will direct to Mr. Turner H. Ramsey, Fredericksburg, Va. [A4] THE PROPRIETOR.

NATIONAL J. C. FALL RACES.

THE Fall Races of 1838, over the Washington City Course, will commence on the first Tuesday, 2d Oct. next.

SWEEPSTAKES.

1. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds; sub. $500, ft. $200. Two mile heats. To name and close 15th Aug. Four or more to make a race. Now 3 subs.
    Capt. John Heth.
    Mr. Gettings names b. g. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Betsey Robinson.
    E. J. Wilson.

2. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds; sub. $150, ft. $100; Two mile heats. To name and close 15th Aug. Four or more to make a race. Now one sub.
    E. J. Wilson.

3. Sweepstakes for 2 year old colts and fillies owned or bred in Maryland or District of Columbia; sub. $75, ft. $25. One mile. To name and close 1st Sept. next. Four or more to make a race.

Gentlemen wishing to subscribe to the above stakes will please address the Proprietor at Portsmouth, Va Any subscriber naming to the above stakes has a right to change his entry on the day of closing each stake.

☞ Of the PURSES, &c., due notice will be given.

[Jy21] E. J. WILSON, Proprietor, Portsmouth, Va.

CINCINNATI JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE First Meeting of the Cincinnati Jockey Club will commence on the 4th Tuesday, 25th Sept. next.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds; sub. $250 each, h. ft. Two mile heats. To name and close 1st Sept.

Same day—The *Ohio Breeders' Plate*, a Splendid Silver Pitcher, value $100, ent. free, for any thing bred in Ohio.

Second day—Proprietor's Plate, value $500. Two mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $750, ent. $75; if three or more start the 2d best to be entitled to $150; if not three, the winner to get $600. Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1200, the 2d best, if 3 or more start, to be entitled to $200; if not 3, the winner to get $1000. Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $300. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

GEO. M. LONG, } *Proprietors*.
Cincinnati, July 7, 1838.—[Jy21–4t] GEO. N. SANDERS, }

SWEEPSTAKES—FAIRFIELD, Va.

A SWEEPSTAKES for 3 year olds, Spring meeting of 1839, out of mares that never won a race nor produced a winner. Mile heats. Sub. $150, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1839. Now several subs. and promises well, as there is a large number of mares of that class. Intended entirely for *honest countrymen*, who are *kept out of play* generally, by the *high trump*.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Spring 1839. Mile heats. Sub. $300, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1839.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Spring of 1839. Mile heats. Sub. $300, ft. $100. Four or more to make a race. To name and close as above. Now 3 subs.

A Produce Stake for foals to be dropped in 1839. Mile heats. Sub. $300, ft. $100. To name and close as above.

A Sweepstakes for foals dropped in 1837. Mile heats. Sub. $300, ft. $100. To name and close 1st July. 1838. Now 3 subs.

Also,—A Post Stake for 3 year olds, Fall meeting of 1838. Two mile heats. Sub. $200, P. P.

And a Sweepstakes for 2 year olds, same time. One mile. Sub. $100, h. ft. Now two subs.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Fall meeting of 1838. Two mile heats. Sub. $300, *ft. $100.* Four or more to make a race. To close 1st Sept. Now two subs. and promises well

Same time—A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds that never won a race. Mile heats. Sub. $200, ft $150. Four or more to make a race. To close 1st Sept. 1838.

A Sweepstakes for foals dropped in 1838, out of mares that never produced a winner, to be run 4th day of Spring meeting, 1841. Sub. $150, ft. $100. To close 1st Sept. 1838. Now several subs.

A Post Stake for 4 year olds, (native and imported stock, and crosses,) to be run 1st day of Spring meeting, 1839. Three mile heats. Sub. $500, ft. $200. Four or more to make a race. To close 1st March, 1839. [J30–tf.] JOHN S. CORBIN, *Proprietor*.

TROTTING SWEEPSTAKES—BEACON COURSE.

BY the solicitation of a number of Gentlemen, the Proprietors are induced to offer the following Sweepstakes, to come off the first part of September, on the Beacon Course, Hoboken, N. J.

1st. Sweepstakes, free for all trotting horses; sub. $500 each, h. ft., with $300 added by the Proprietors. Three mile heats, under the Saddle. Three or more to make a race.

2. Sweepstakes, free for all trotting horses; sub. $500 each, h ft., with $300 added by the Proprietors. Three mile heats, in Harness. Three or more to make a race.

3. Sweepstakes, free for trotting horses that never won a purse over $100; sub. $200 each, h. ft., with $100 added. Two mile heats, in Harness. Three or more to make a race.

4. Sweepstakes, free for trotting horses that never trotted for money; sub. $200 each, h. ft., with $100 added. Two mile heats, under the Saddle. Three or more to make a race.

5. Sweepstakes, free for trotting horses that eever trotted for money; sub. $200 each, h. ft., with $100 added. Two mile heats, in Harness. Three or more to make a race.

☞ Entrance to be made at Randel Smith's Hotel, No 31 Park Row, on or before the 1st of August, by 9 o'clock in the evening, when the entries will be opened.

If only one horse starts, he shall not be entitled to the money added.

For each Sweepstake the track must be in good order, or postponed until it is. The Judges must decide.

A. L. BOTTS, *Sec'y*.
New York. June 30, 1838. [J30–tf.]

St. LOUIS (Mo.) FALL RACES.

THE Fall Races over the St. Louis Course, will commence on Monday, 8th Oct., and continue six days.

First day—Purse $50, with the entrance money ($25 each) added. Mile heats. No distance.

Second day—Purse $150, ent. $15; Mile heats.
Third day—Purse $200, ent. $20; Two mile heats.
Fourth day—Purse $300, ent. $30; Three mile heats.
Fifth day—Purse $500, ent. $50; Four mile heats.
Sixth day—Purse $150, ent. $15; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Free for any horse, mare, or gelding in the U. S.

Owners of horses may rest assured that the Course will be in the best order possible, and that every accommodation in the way of stabling will be in readiness for their reception. [Jy14] BENJAMIN AMES, *Proprietor*.

STALLION FOR SALE OR HIRE.

TALMA, own brother to *Alice Grey*, by Henry, out of Sportsmistress by Hickory, will be sold low, or farmed out during the ensuing season. He is a grey, about 16 hands high, and perfectly sound. Apply (if by letter post paid) to the Editor of this paper. [m17.]

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;
A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE
SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Eighth) of this paper was commenced on the 17th of Februar 1838, being the *third* volume of a NEW SERIES, that was commenced on the 20th Feb., 18 (The Old Series comprised Five Volumes, and a supplement of four numbers.) Great car i taken to forward THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES strongly enveloped and legibly directed by the earliest mails, to its different subscribers throughout the Union, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission, by ship, to foreign ports.

Terms of Subscription and Advertising.

For One Year's Subscription, in advance - - - - - - - - - - - - - -	$5 00
For Six Months' Subscription, in advance - - - - - - - - - - - - -	2 50
The invariable charge for Advertisements is annexed—	
For one Square, (twenty-two lines) first insertion - - - - - - - -	$5 00
For Ditto (Ditto) each subsequent insertion -	1 00

Publication office, 157 Broadway, where all communications, post-paid, may be addressed.

E. L. GARVIN, Printer.